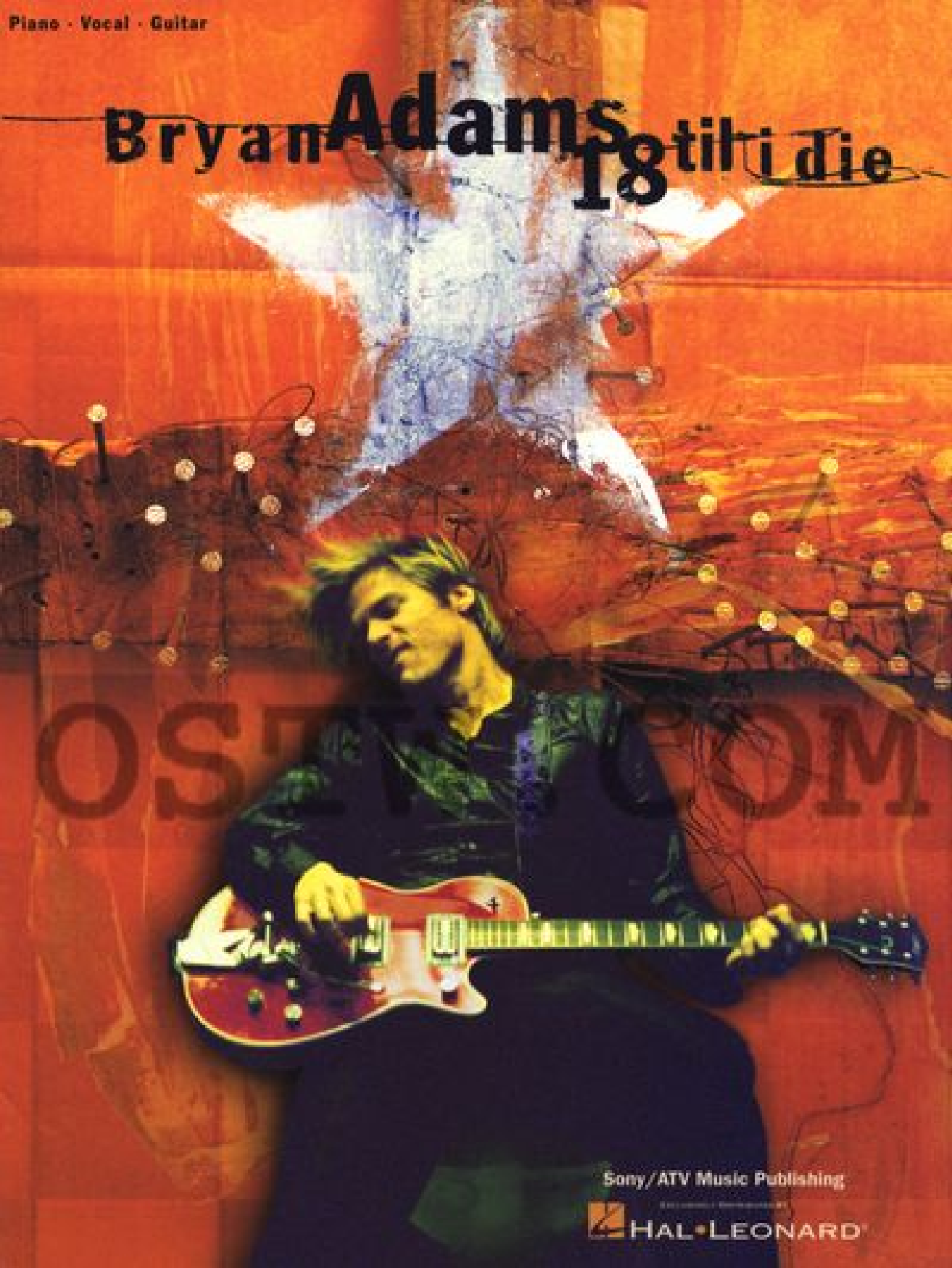
VISIT…

LANZAROTE Caliente.COM

Piano · Vocal · Guitar

Bryan Adams 18 til i die



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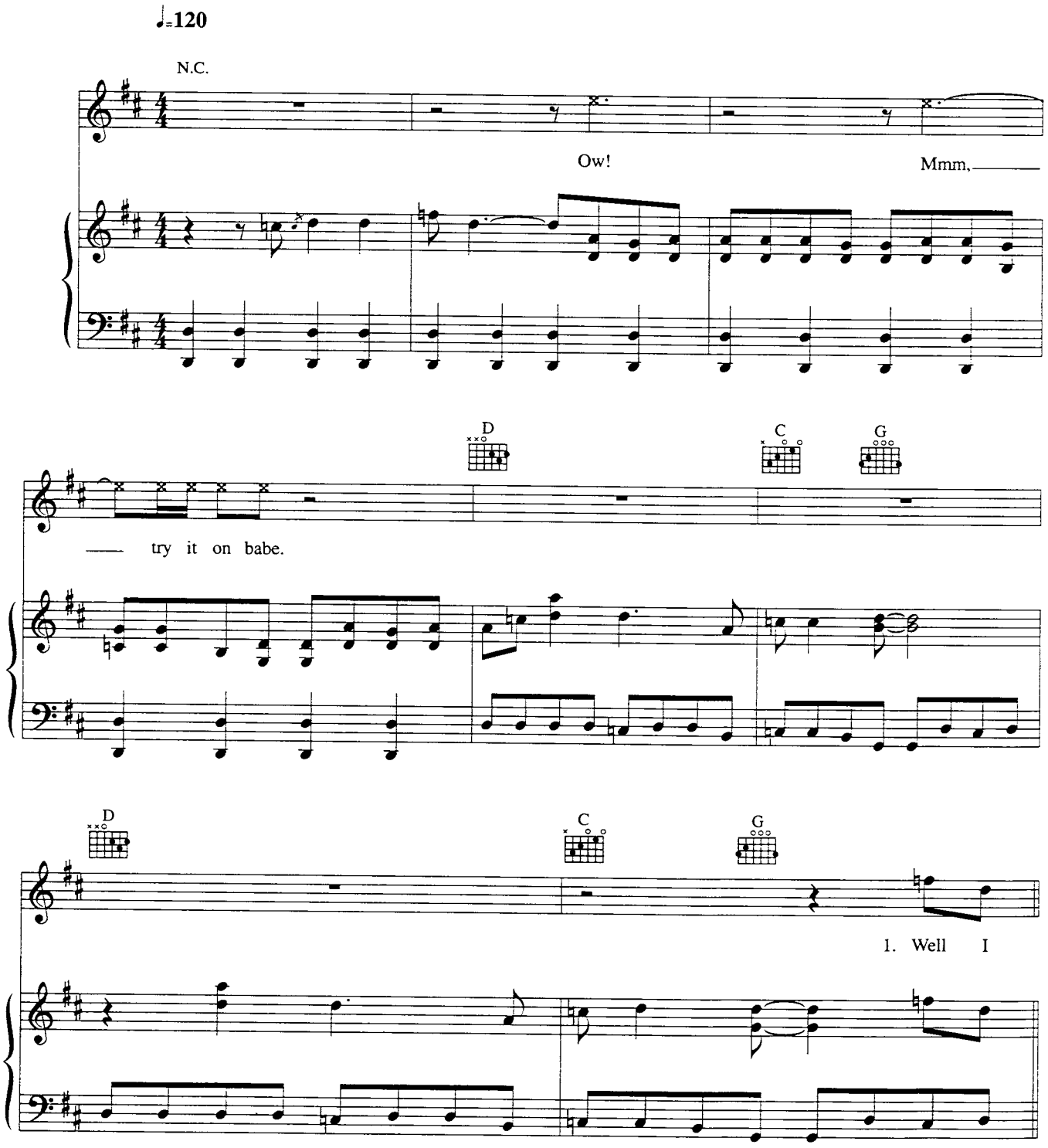
HAL•LEONARD

The Only Thing That Looks Good On Me Is You

Words & Music by Bryan Adams & Robert John "Mutt" Lange



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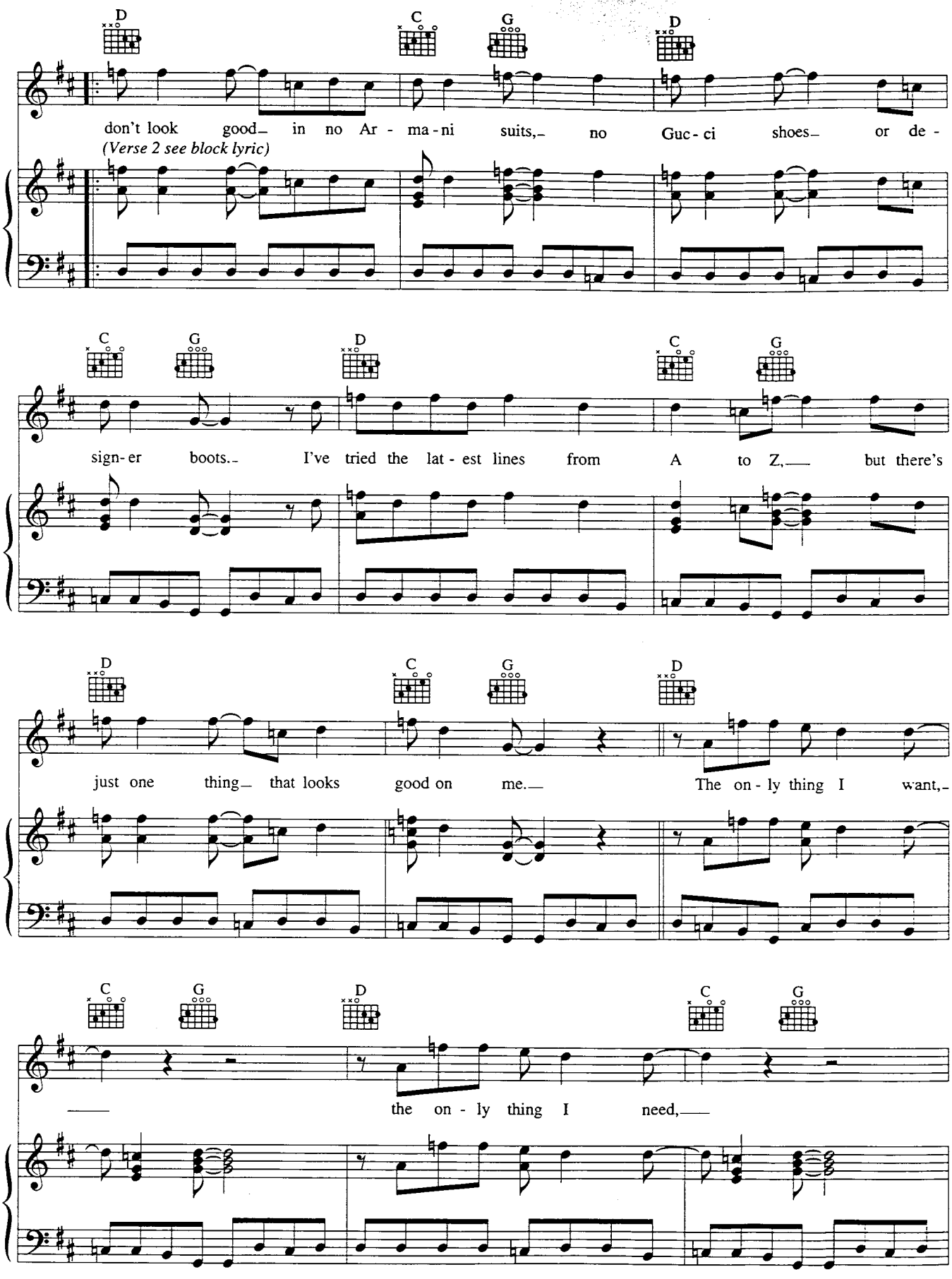
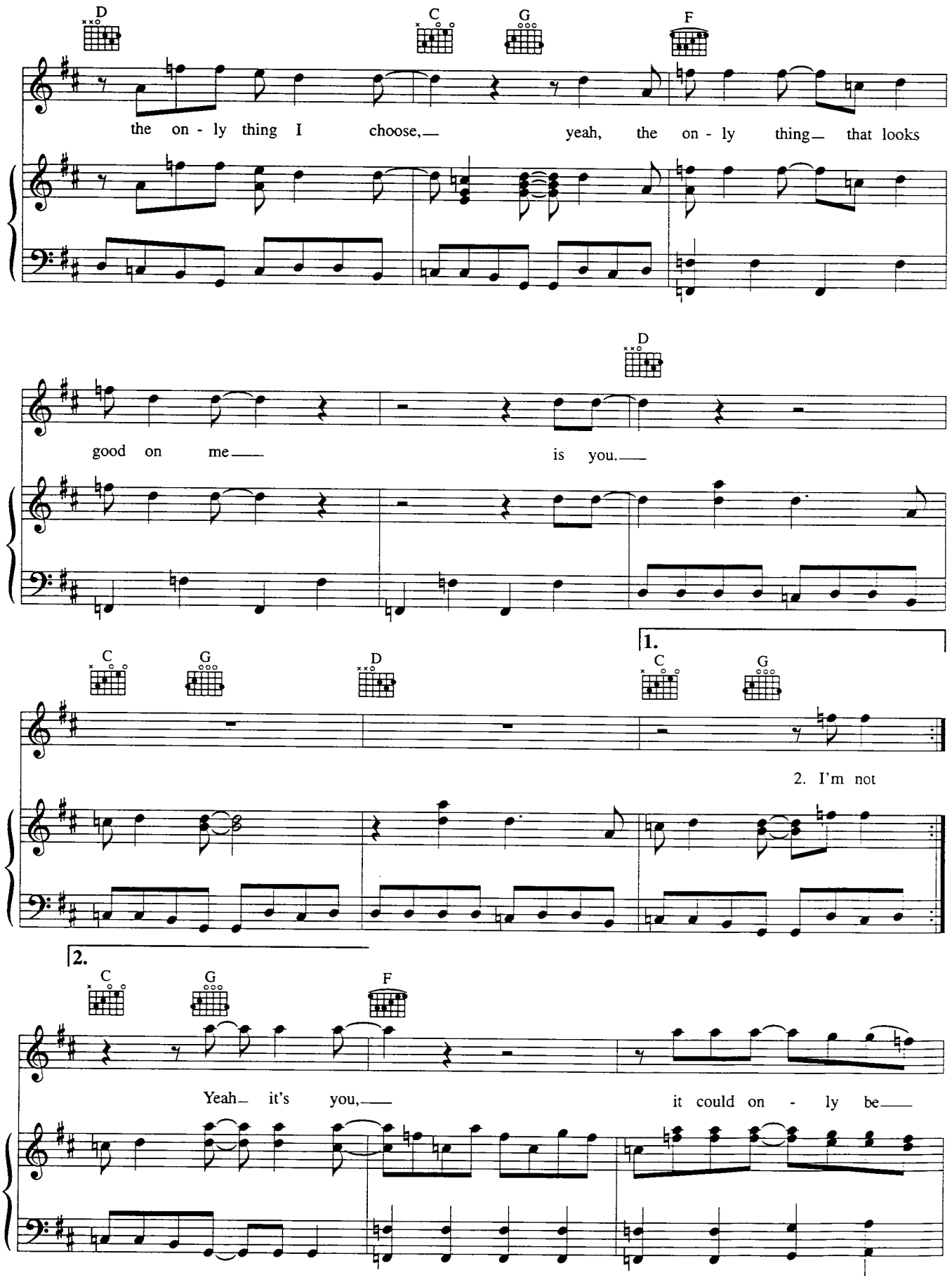
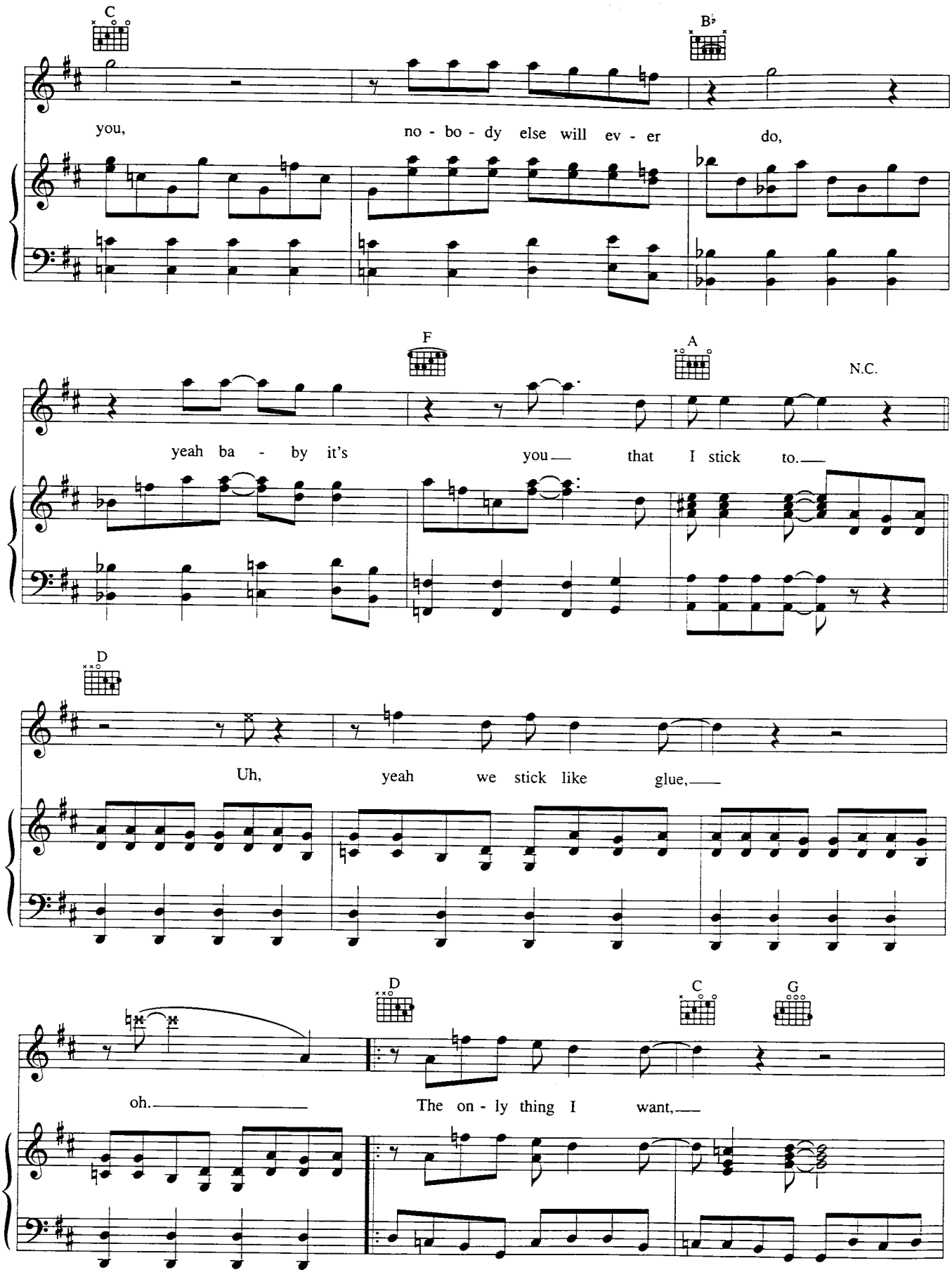
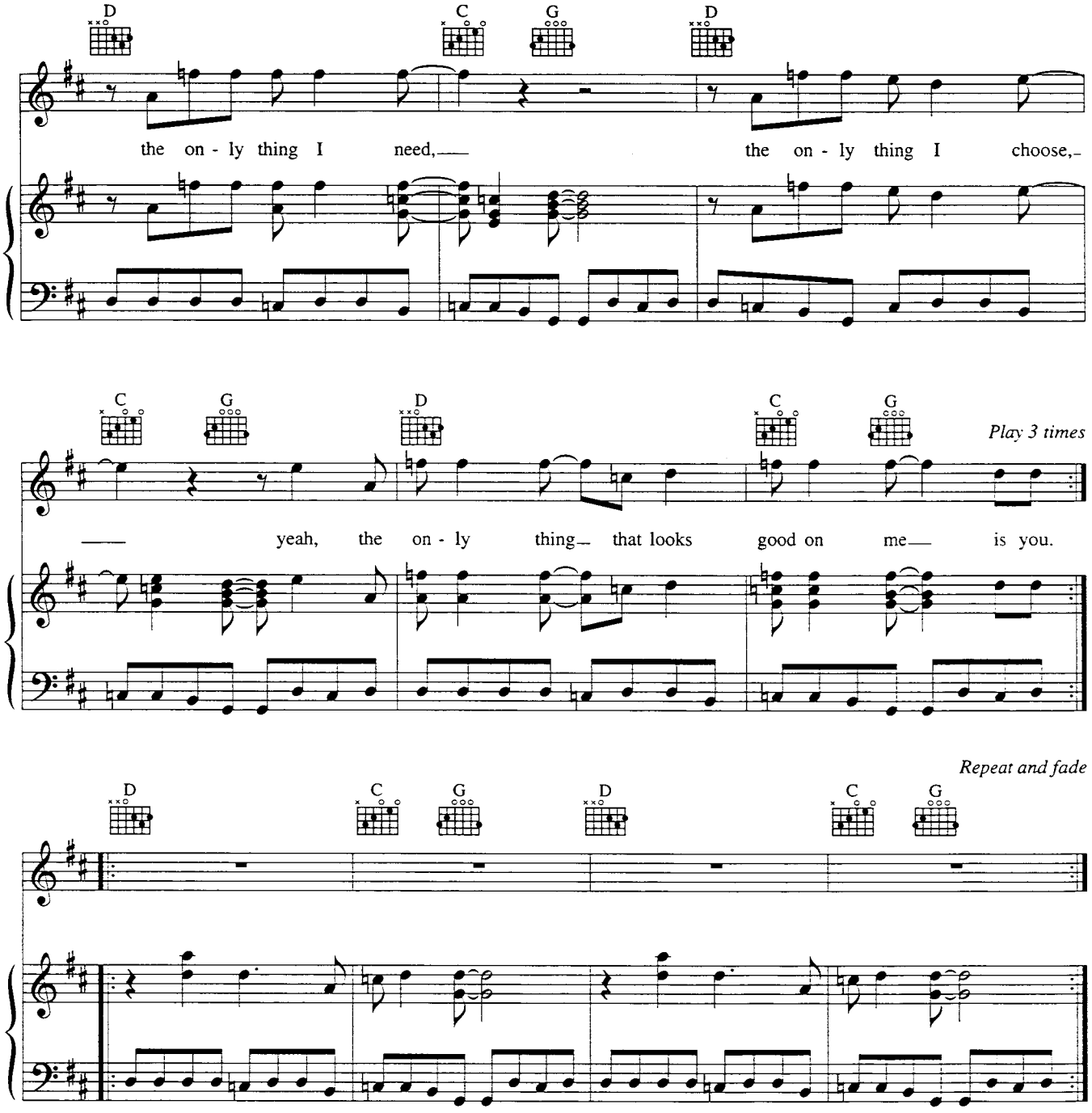

D C G D
don't look good in no Ar - ma - ni suits, no Guc - ci shoes or de -
(Verse 2 see block lyric)
C G D C G
sign - er boots. I've tried the lat - est lines from A to Z, but there's
D C G D
just one thing that looks good on me. The on - ly thing I want,
C G D C G
the on - ly thing I need,


D
C
G
F
the on - ly thing I choose, yeah, the on - ly thing that looks
D
good on me is you.
1.
C
G
D
C
G
2. I'm not
2.
C
G
F
Yeah it's you, it could on - ly be

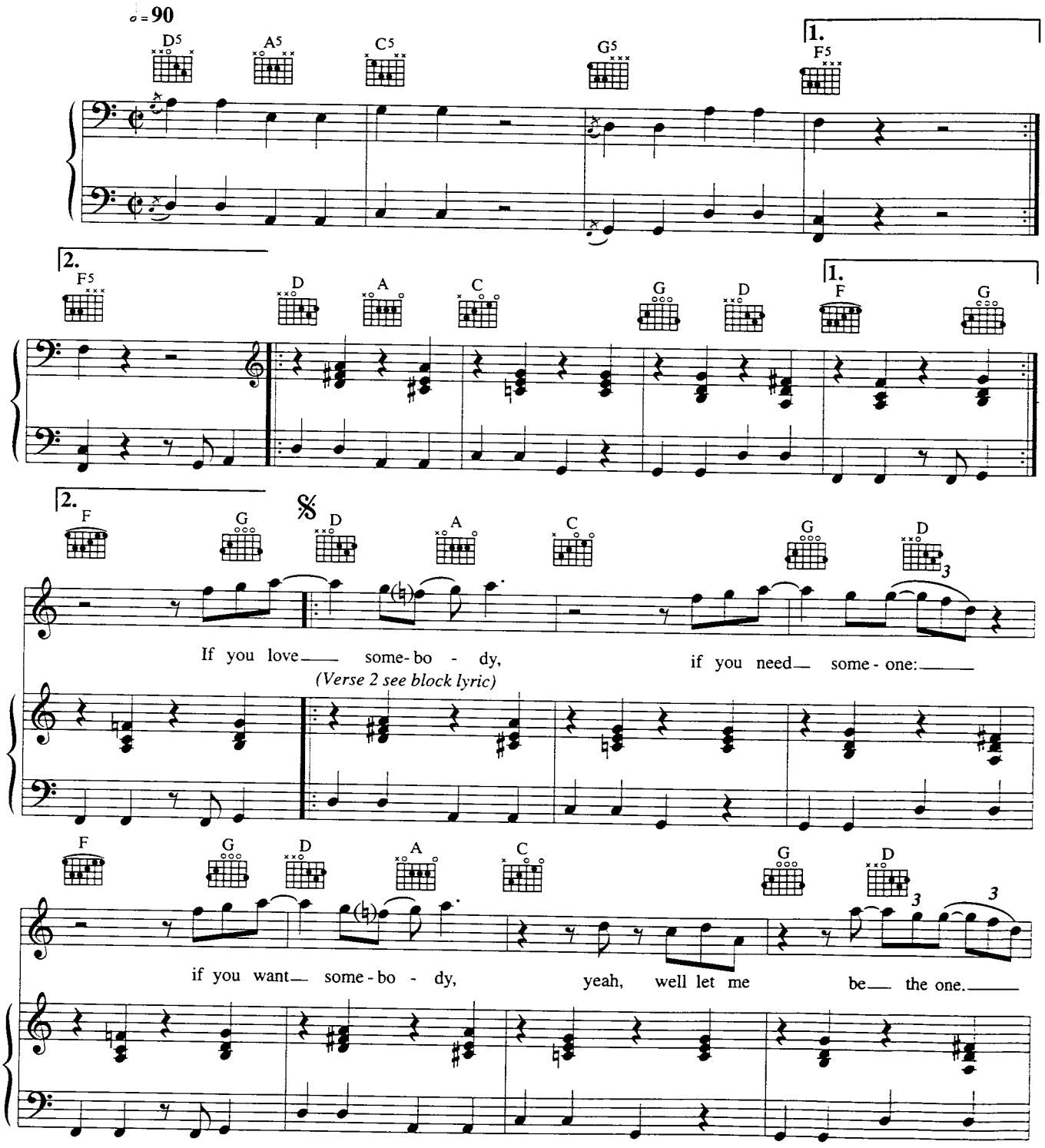

C
B♭
you, no - bo - dy else will ev - er do,
F
A
N.C.
yeah ba - by it's you that I stick to.
D
Uh, yeah we stick like glue,
D
C
G
oh. The on - ly thing I want,



Verse 2:
I'm not satisfied with Versace's style,
Put those patent leather pants in the circular file.
Sometimes I think I might be looking good,
But there's only one thing that fits like it should.

Do To You

Words & Music by Bryan Adams & Robert John "Mutt" Lange



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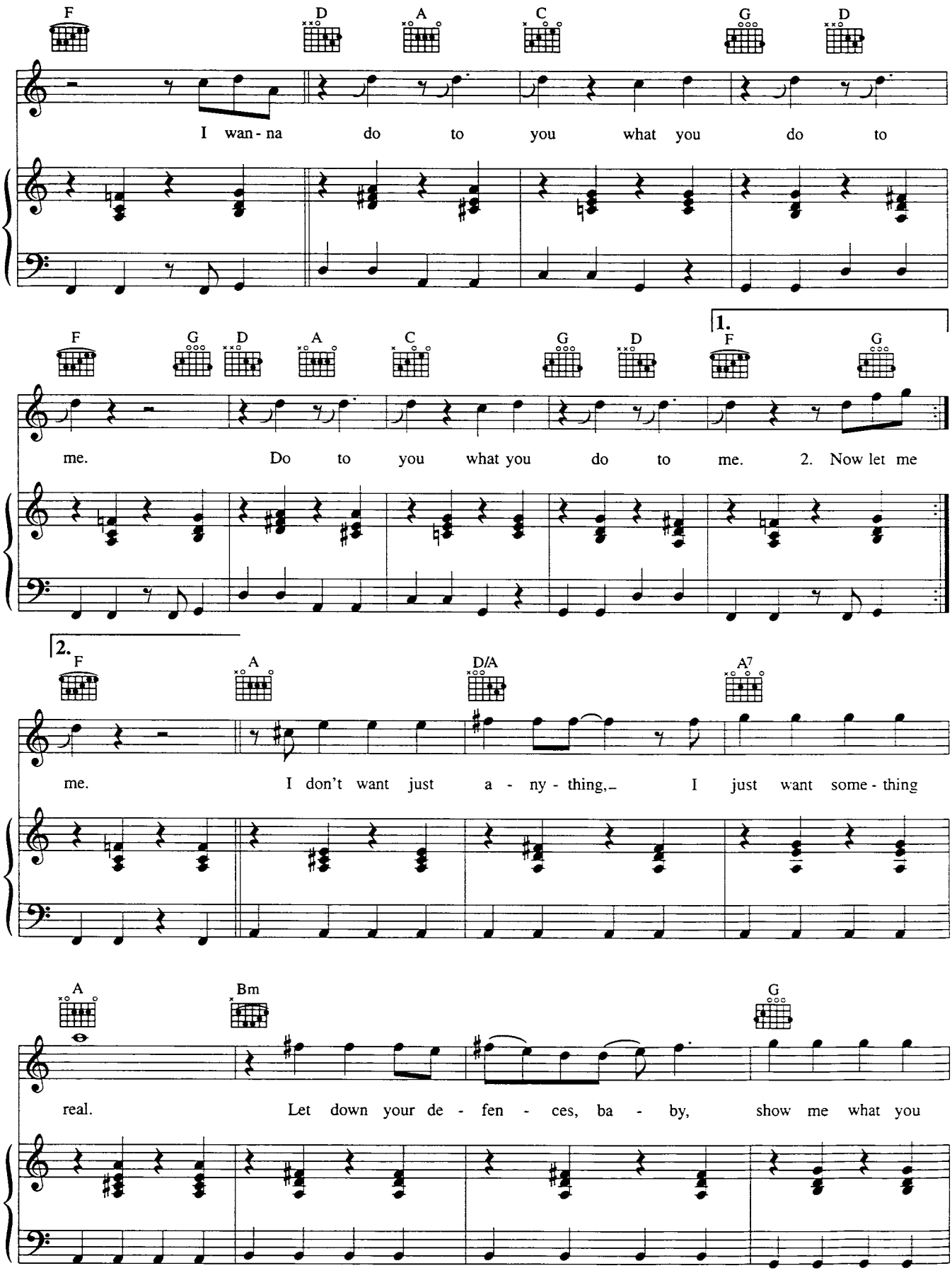
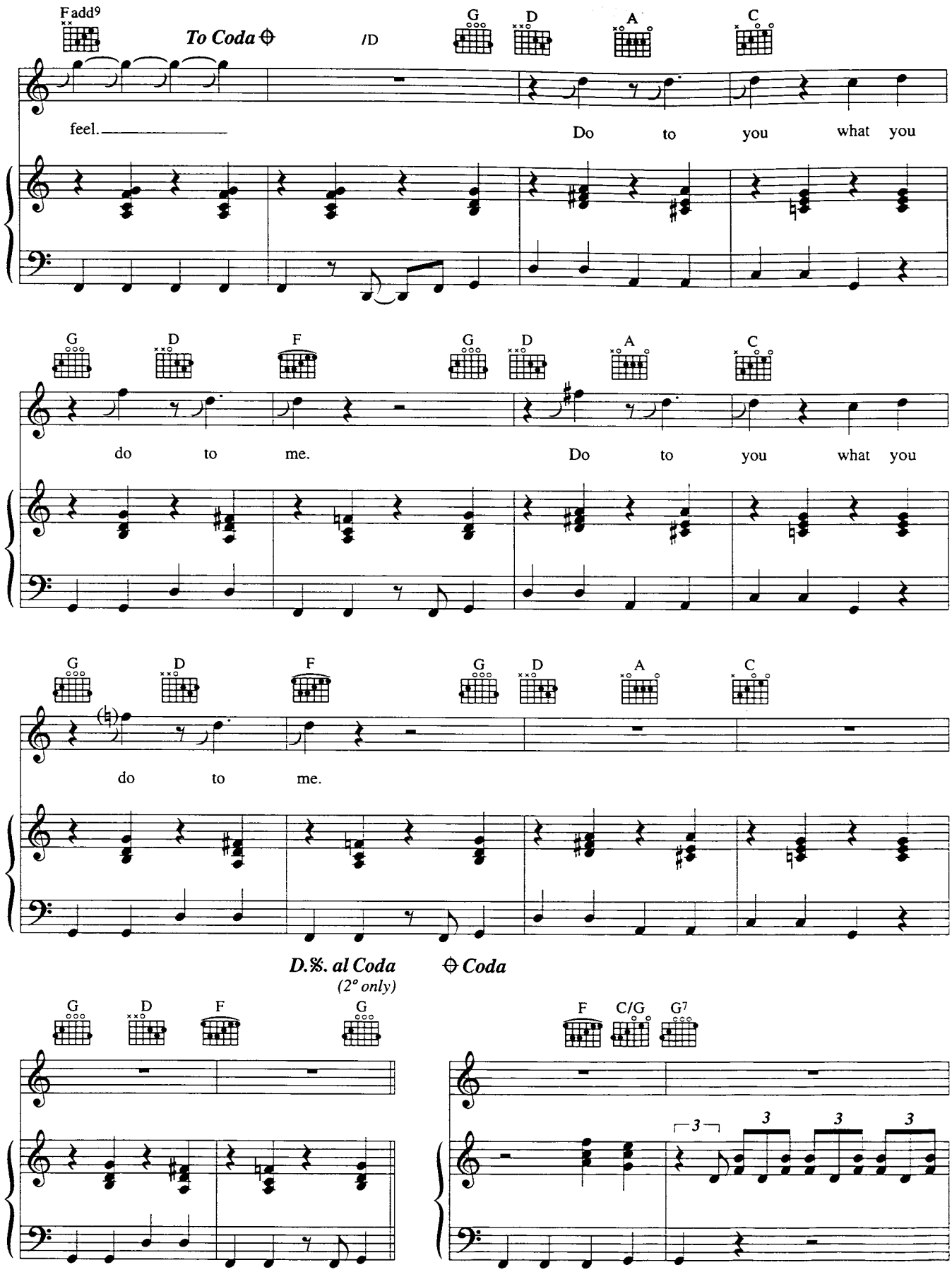
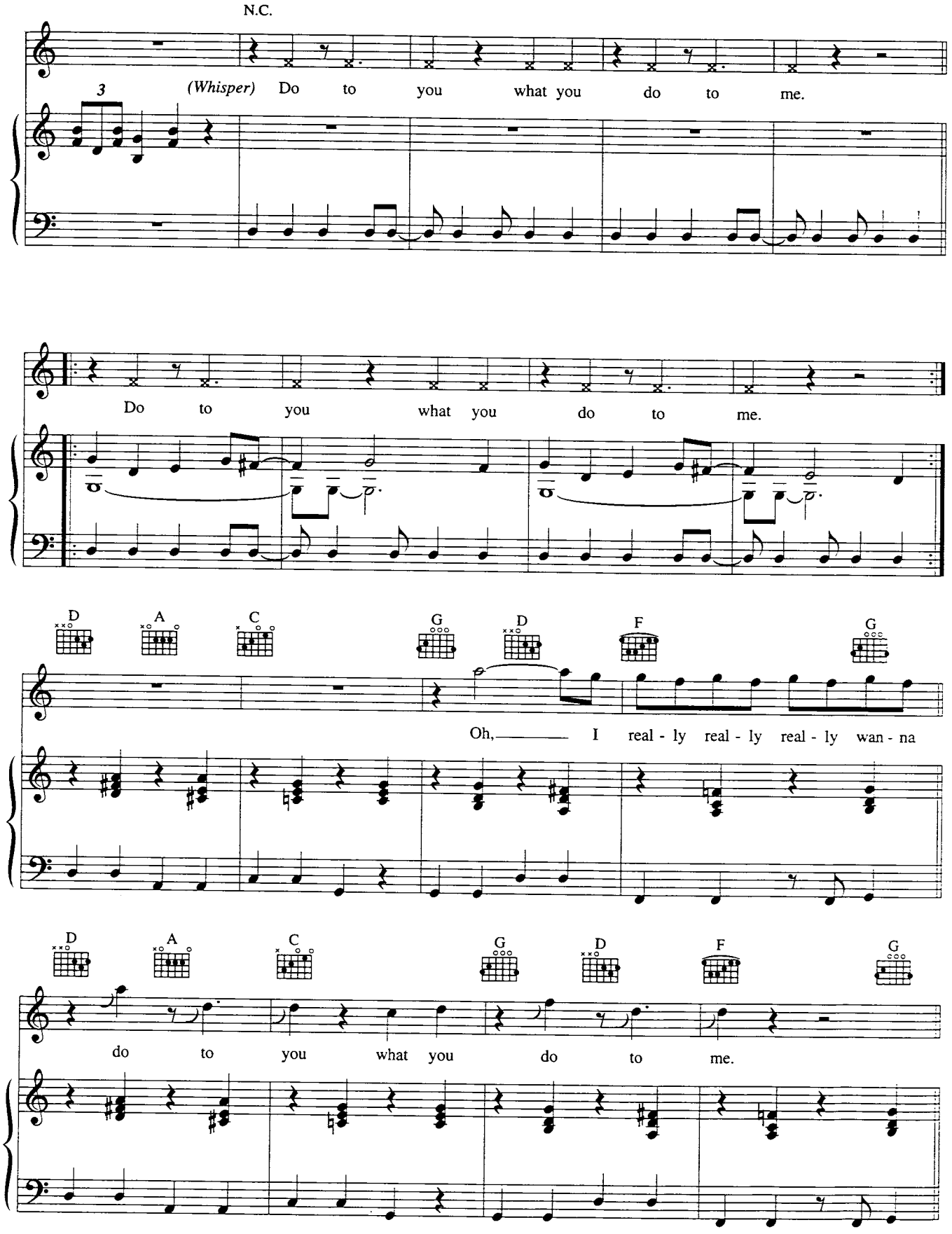
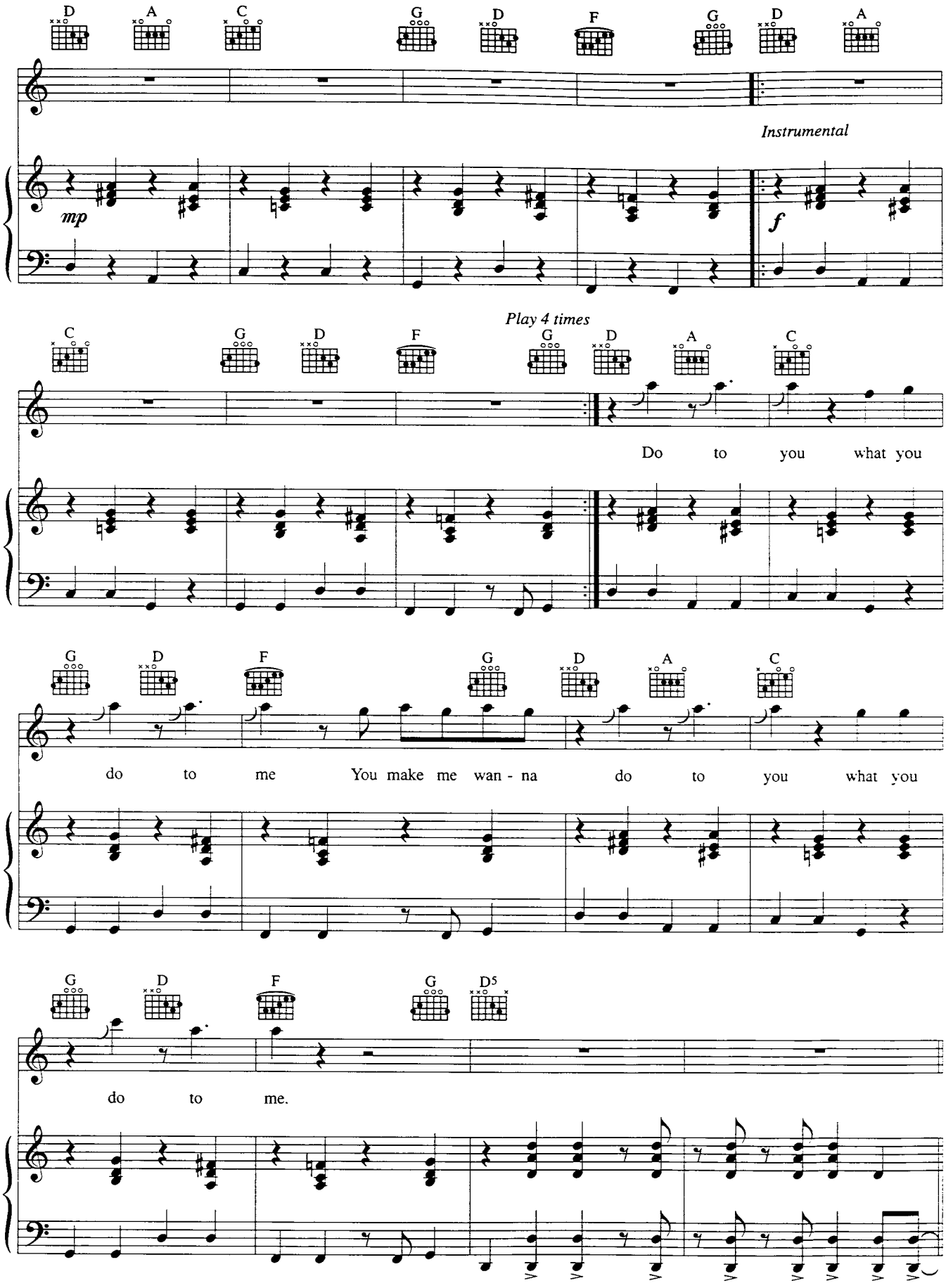
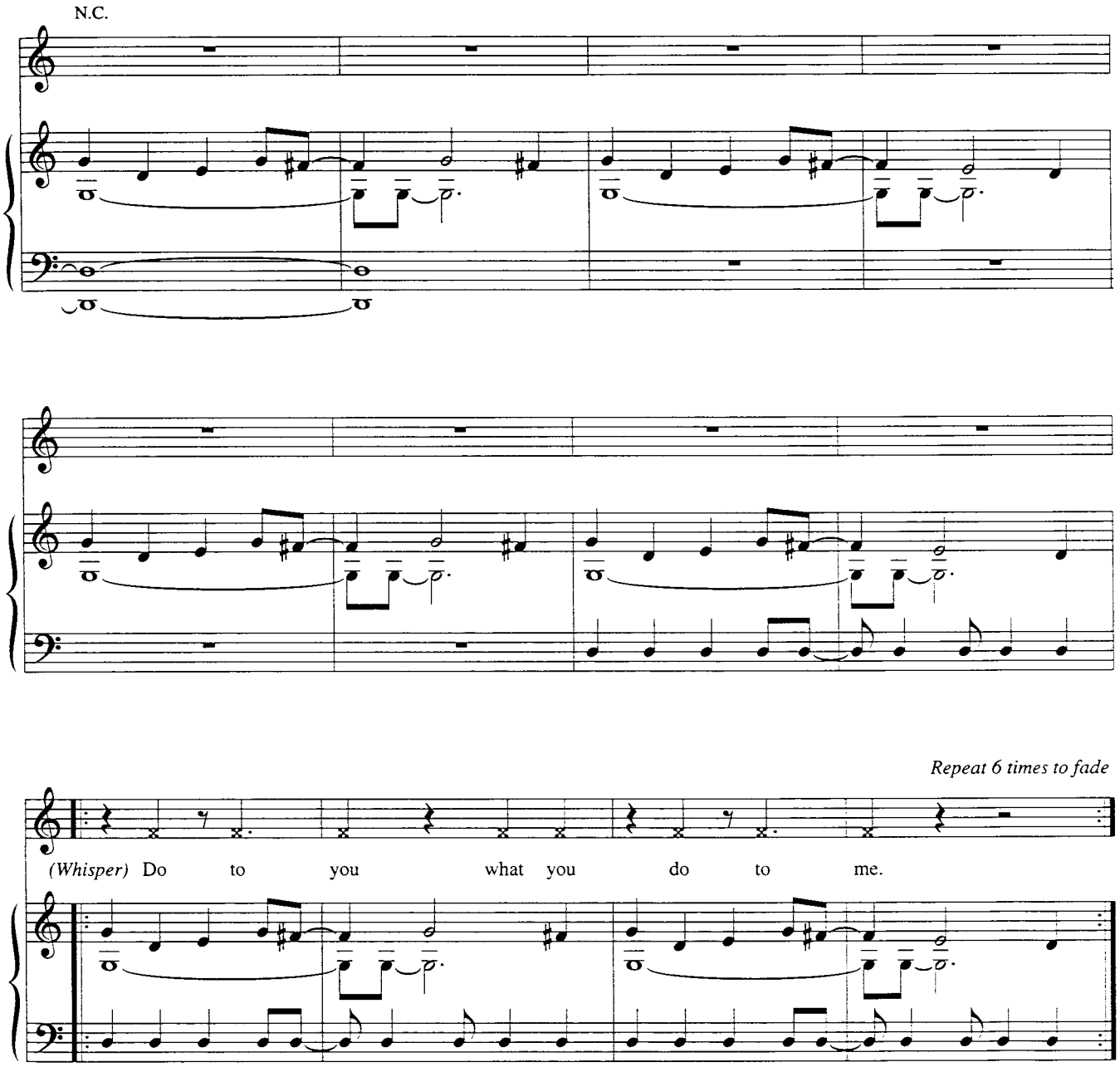

F D A C G D
I wan - na do to you what you do to
F G D A C G D 1. F G
me. Do to you what you do to me. 2. Now let me
2. F A D/A A7
me. I don't want just a - ny - thing, I just want some - thing
A Bm G
real. Let down your de - fen - ces, ba - by, show me what you


Fadd9
To Coda
/D
G
D
A
C
feel.
Do to you what you
G
D
F
G
D
A
C
do to me.
Do to you what you
G
D
F
G
D
A
C
do to me.
D.%. al Coda
(2° only)
Coda
G
D
F
G
F
C/G
G7


N.C.
3
(Whisper) Do to you what you do to me.
Do to you what you do to me.
D A C G D F G
Oh, I real - ly real - ly real - ly wan - na
D A C G D F G
do to you what you do to me.


D A C G D F G D A
Instrumental
mp
f
Play 4 times
C G D F G D A C
Do to you what you
G D F G D A C
do to me You make me wan - na do to you what you
G D F G D5
do to me.

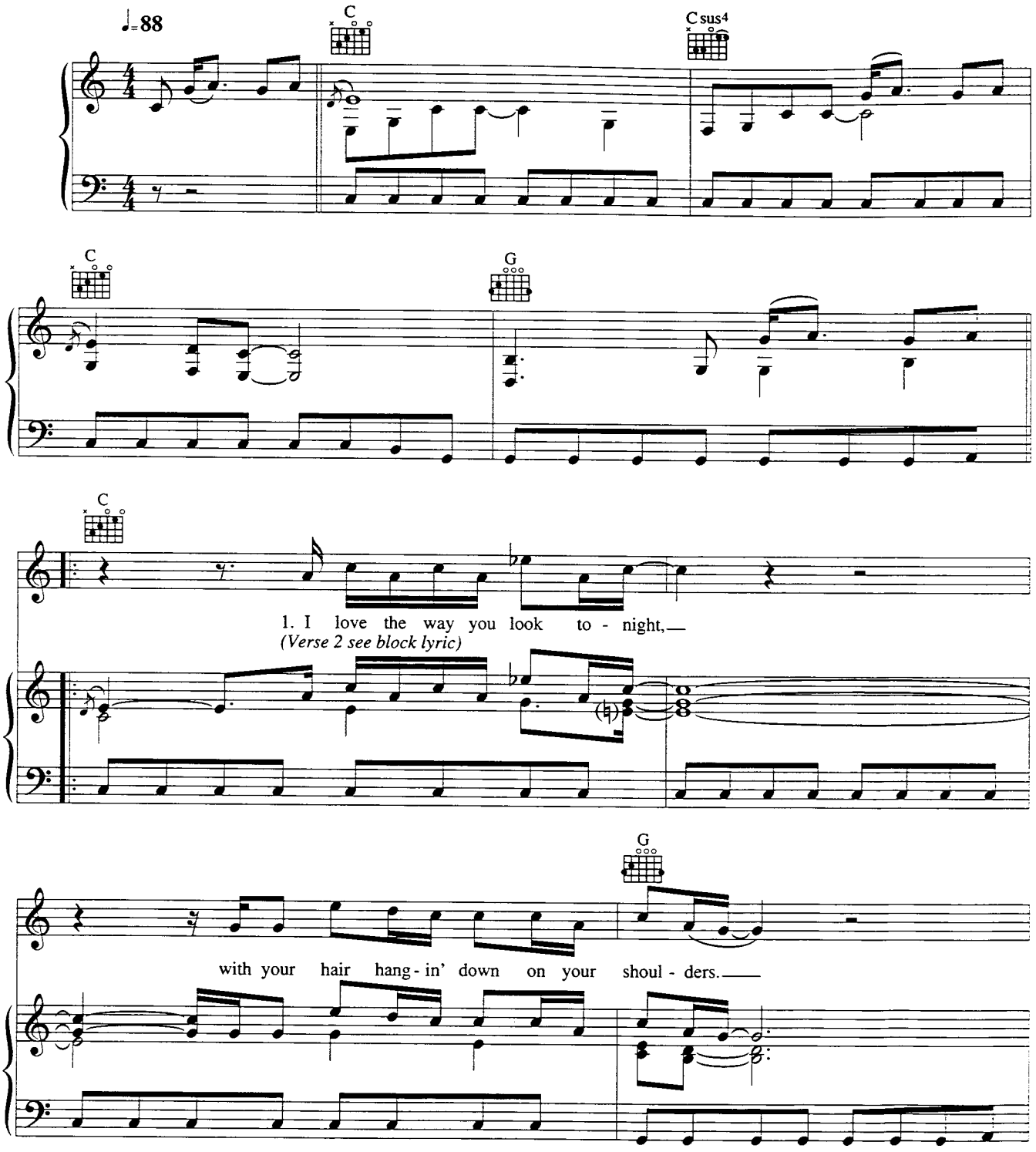


Verse 2:
Now let me treat you right, yeah, show I care.
'Cos every night I'll take you there.
I really wanna
Do to you what you do to me.
Do to you what you do to me.

Verse 3:
Should I stay or should I go?
There ain't no question babe, I already know.
I wanna
Do to you *etc.*

Let's Make A Night To Remember

Words & Music by Bryan Adams & Robert John "Mutt" Lange



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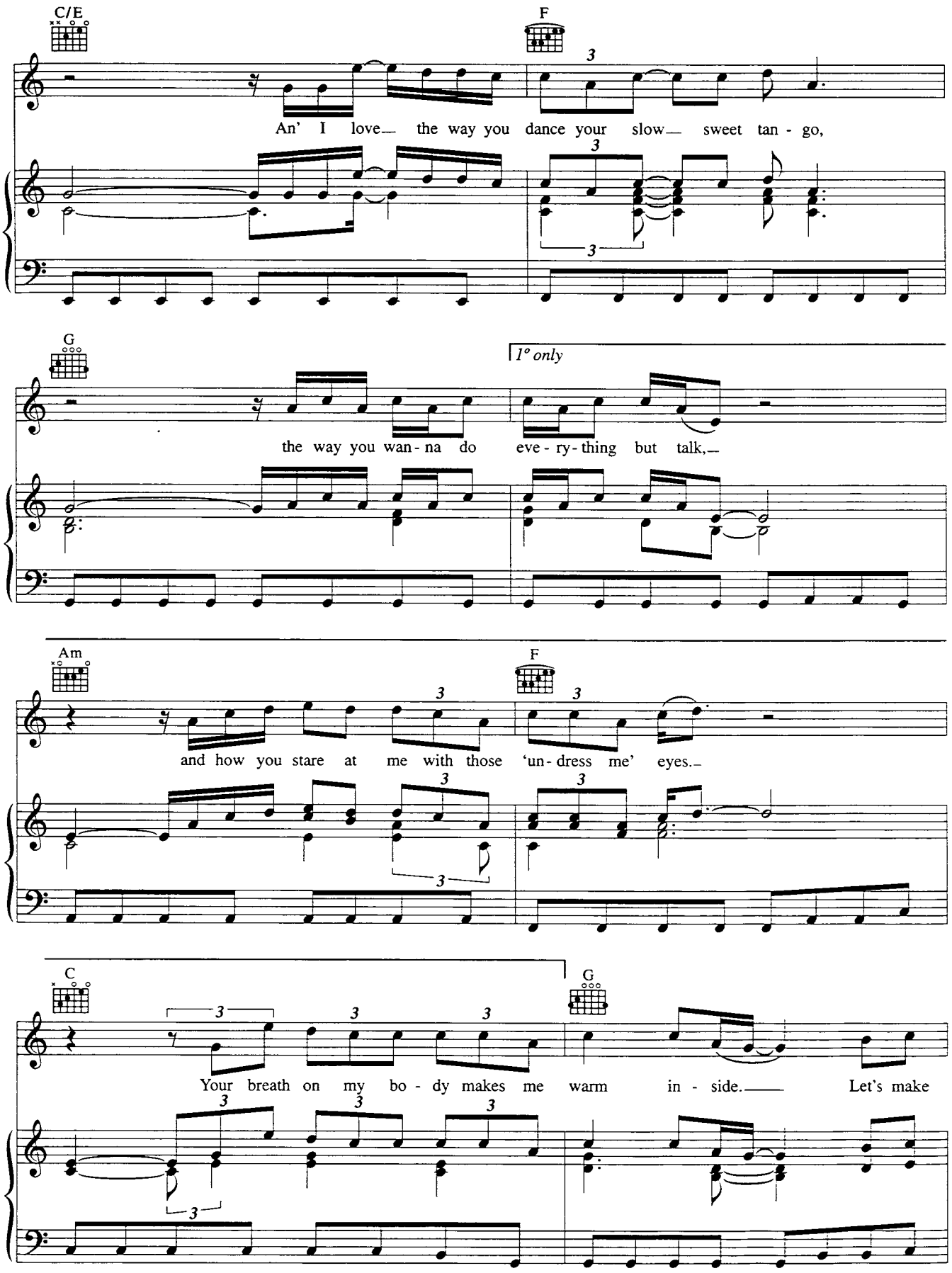
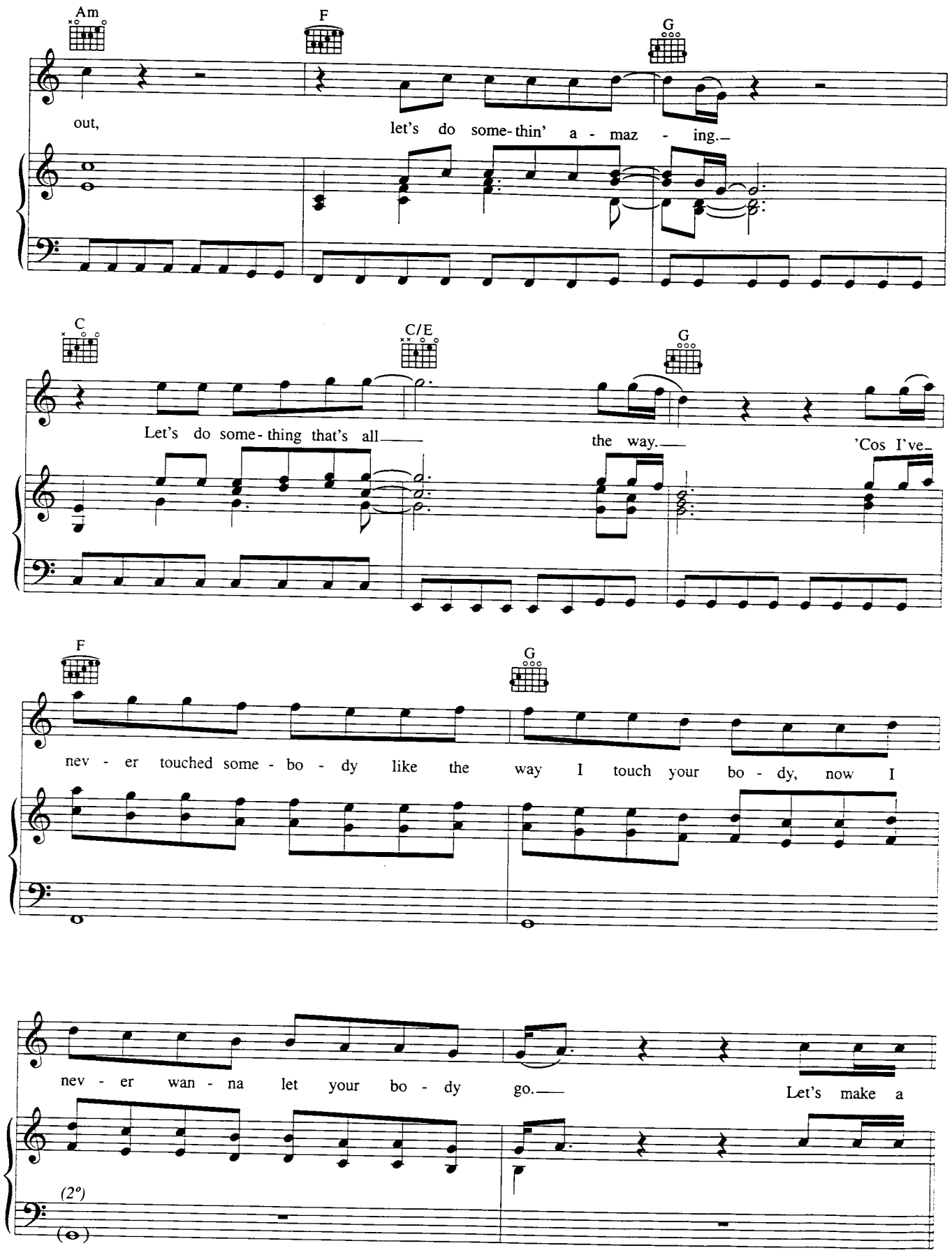
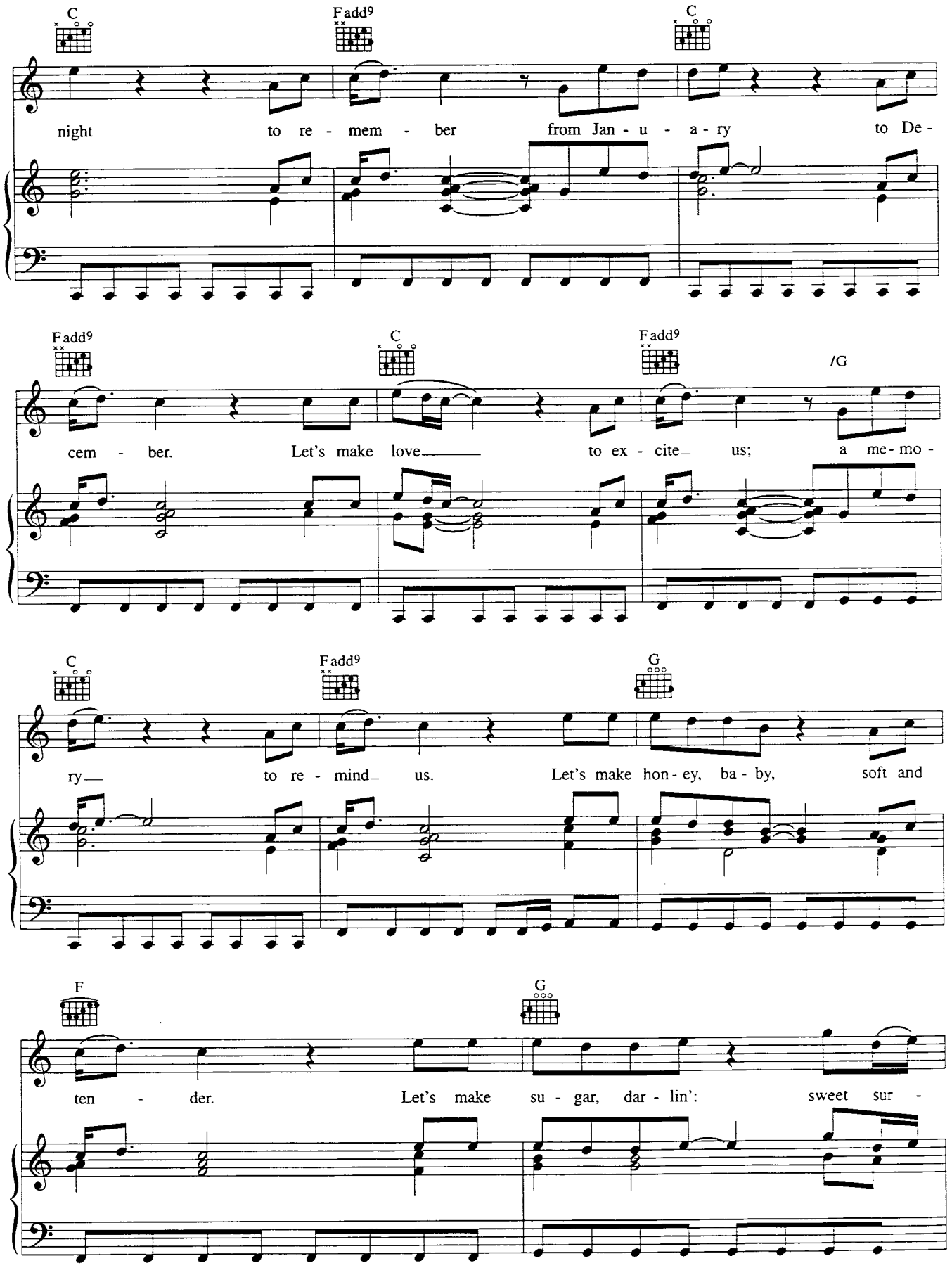
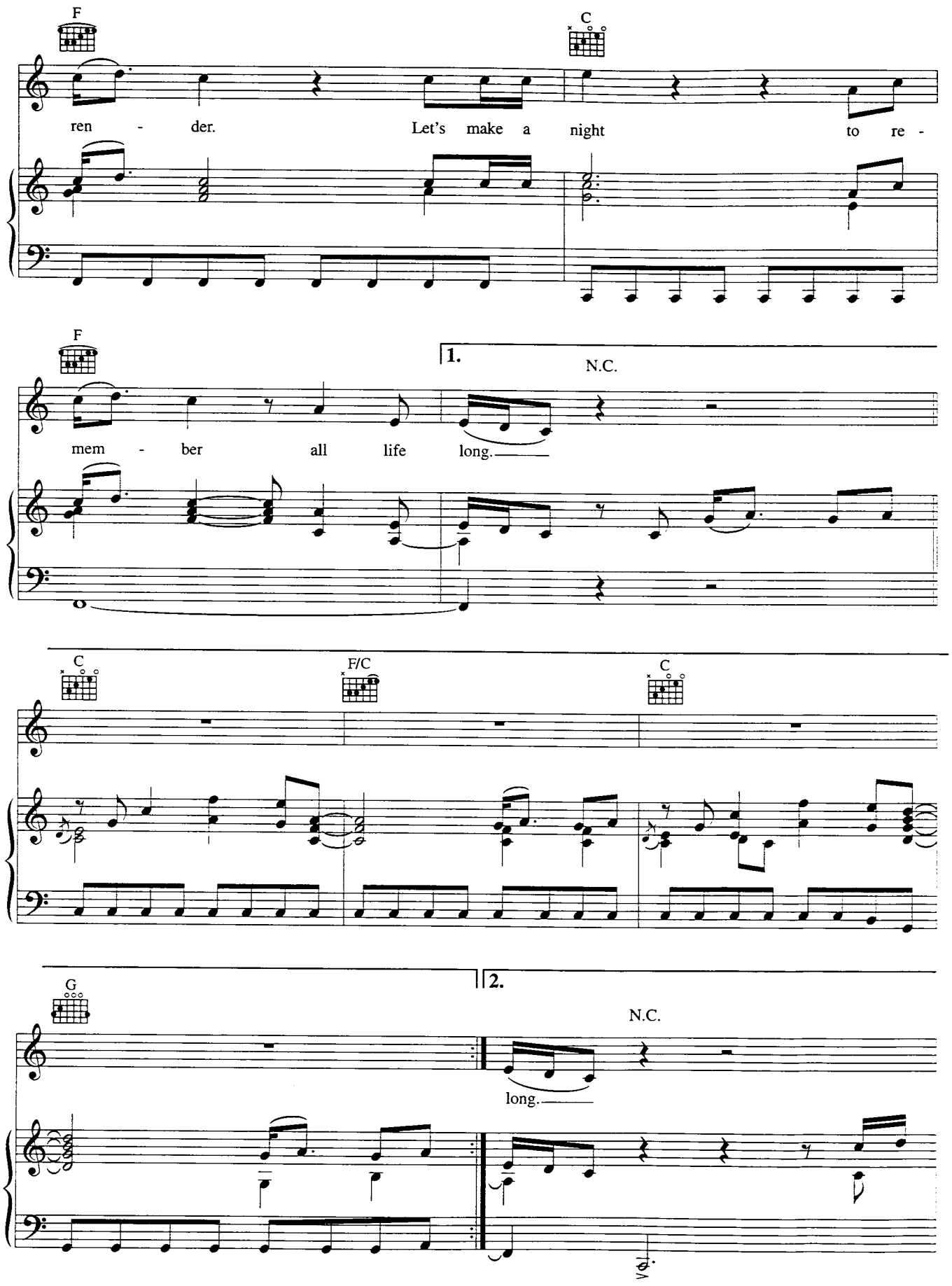
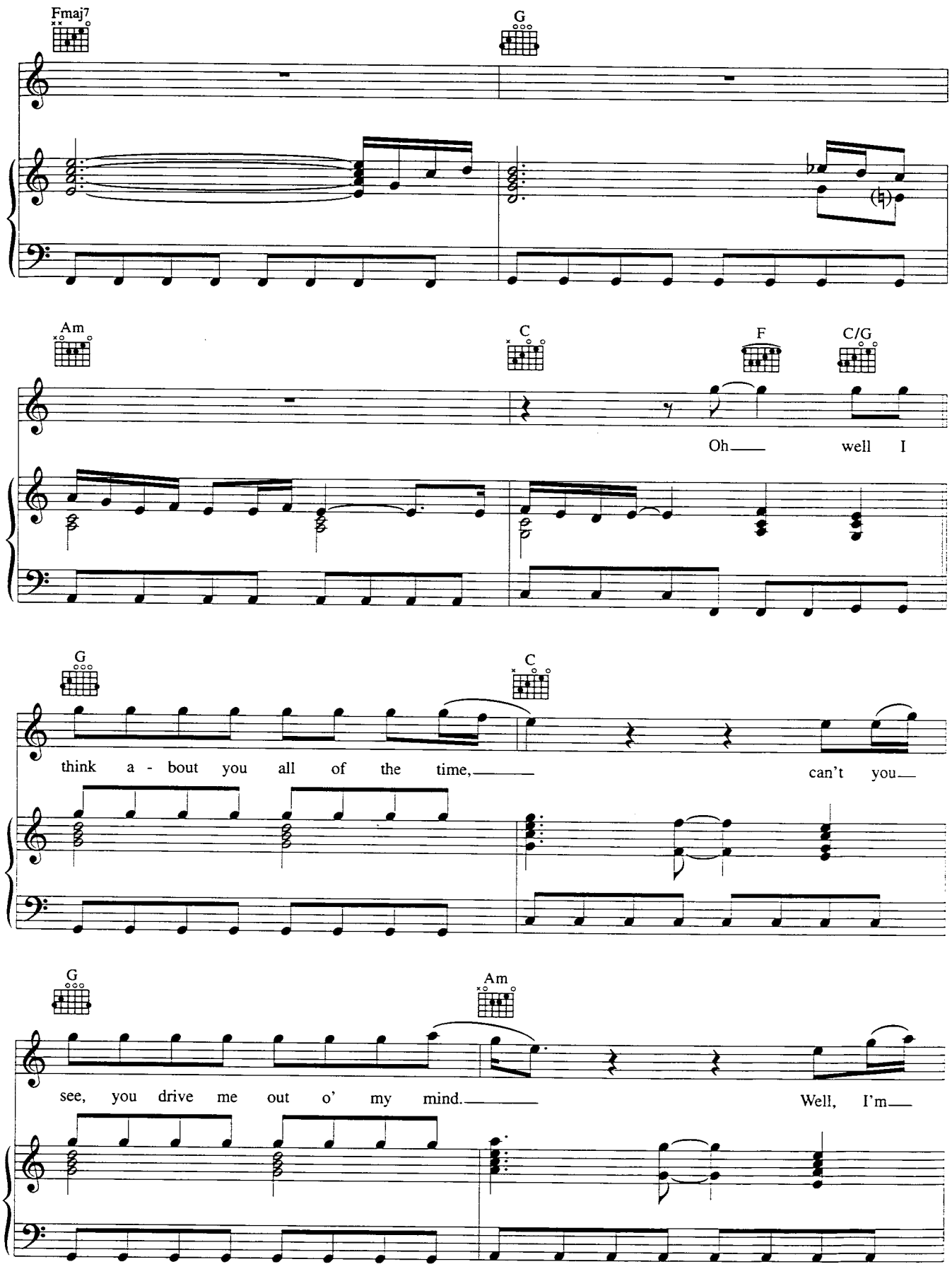
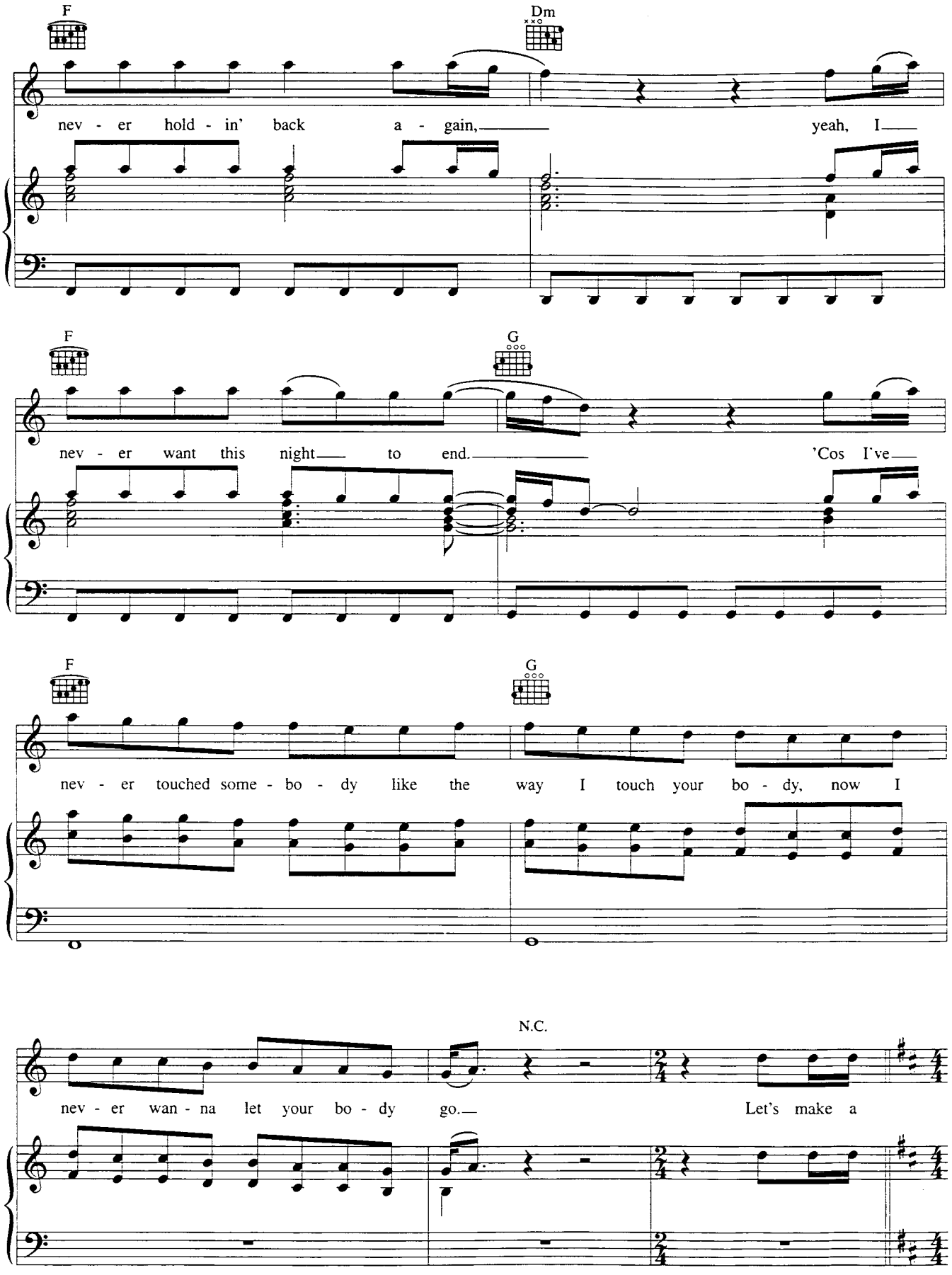

C/E
F
An' I love— the way you dance your slow— sweet tan - go,
G
1° only
the way you wan - na do eve - ry - thing but talk,—
Am
F
and how you stare at me with those 'un - dress me' eyes.—
C
G
Your breath on my bo - dy makes me warm in - side.— Let's make

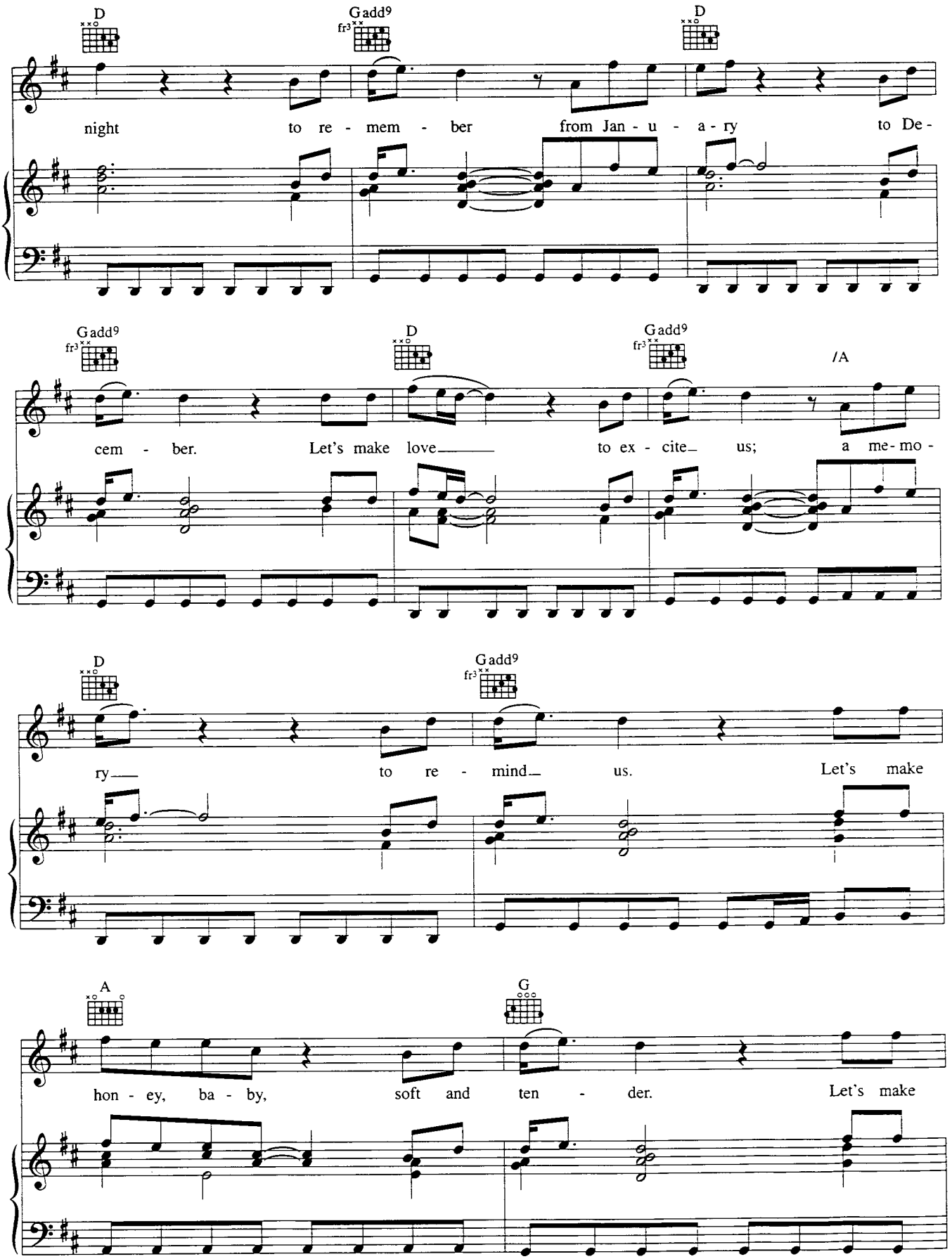

Am
F
G
out,
let's do some-thin' a - maz - ing.
C
C/E
G
Let's do some-thing that's all
the way.
'Cos I've
F
G
nev - er touched some - bo - dy like the way I touch your bo - dy, now I
nev - er wan - na let your bo - dy go.
Let's make a
(2°)

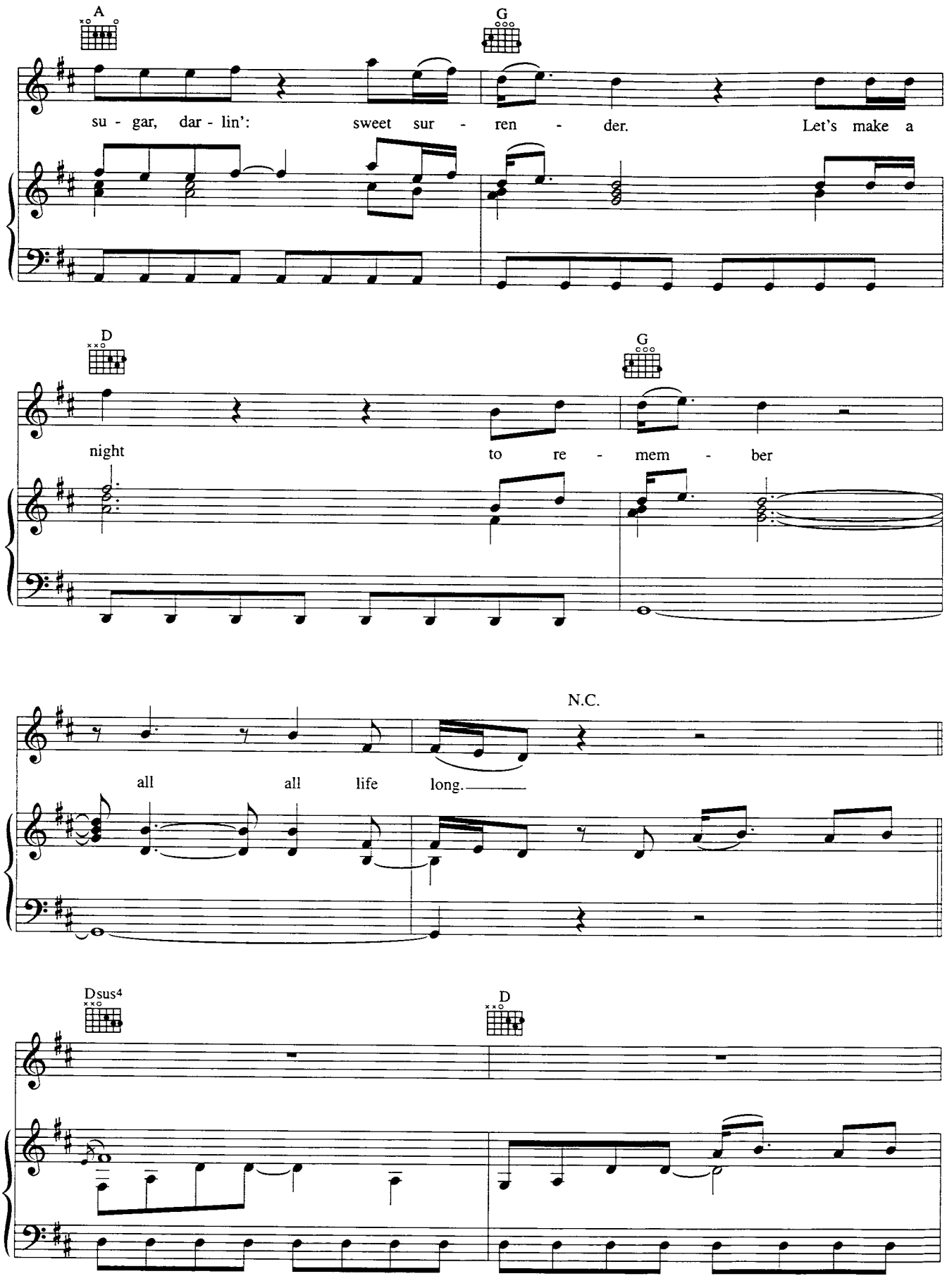

C
Fadd9
C
night to re - mem - ber from Jan - u - a - ry to De -
Fadd9
C
Fadd9
/G
cem - ber. Let's make love to ex - cite us; a me - mo -
C
Fadd9
G
ry to re - mind us. Let's make hon - ey, ba - by, soft and
F
G
ten - der. Let's make su - gar, dar - lin': sweet sur -

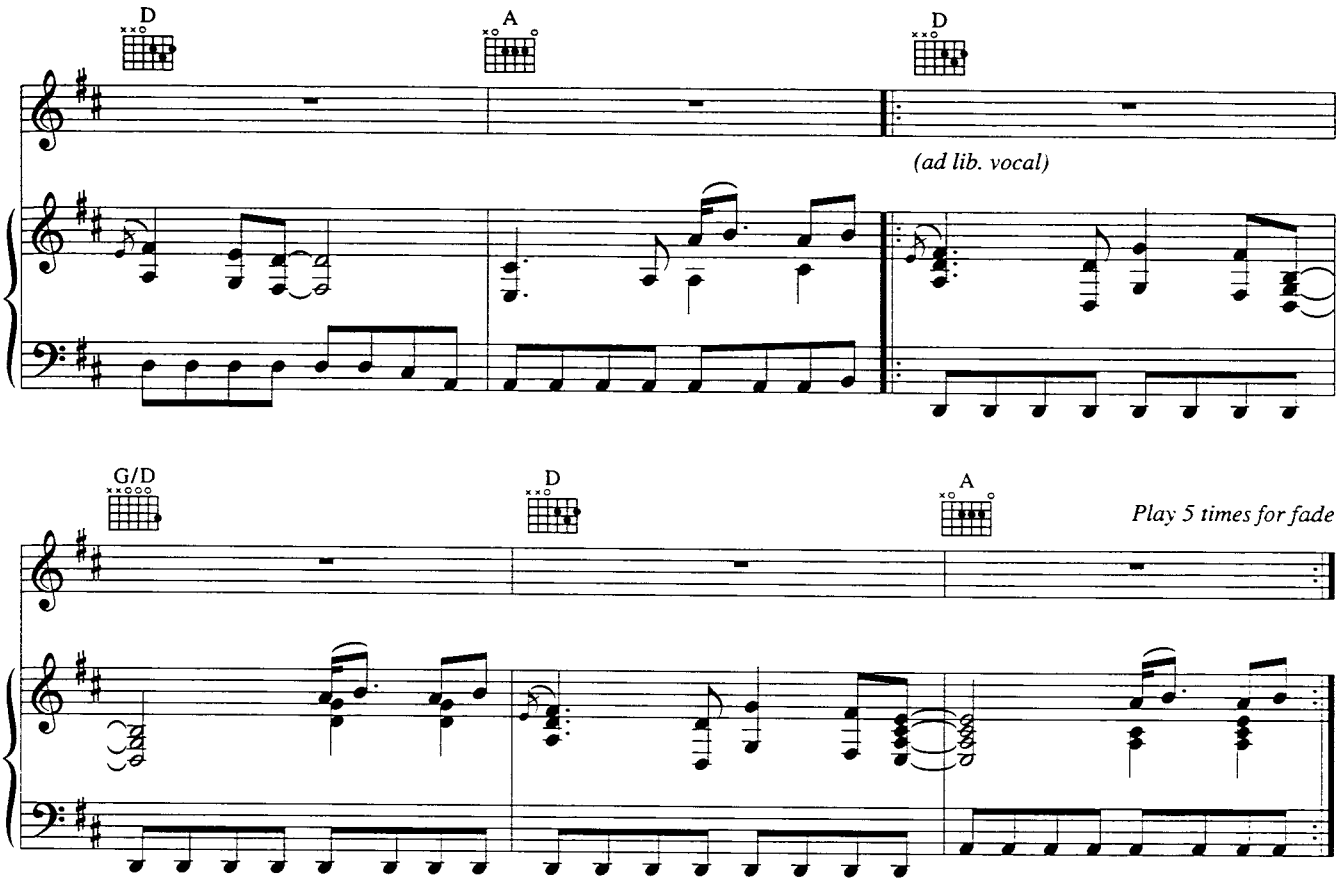

F
C
ren - der. Let's make a night to re -
F
1.
N.C.
mem - ber all life long.
C
F/C
C
G
2.
N.C.
long.


Fmaj7
G
Am
C
F
C/G
Oh well I
G
C
think a - bout you all of the time, can't you
G
Am
see, you drive me out o' my mind. Well, I'm


F
Dm
nev - er hold - in' back a - gain, yeah, I
F
G
nev - er want this night to end. 'Cos I've
F
G
nev - er touched some - bo - dy like the way I touch your bo - dy, now I
N.C.
nev - er wan - na let your bo - dy go. Let's make a


D
Gadd9
D
night to re - mem - ber from Jan - u - a - ry to De -
Gadd9
D
Gadd9
/A
cem - ber. Let's make love to ex - cite us; a me - mo -
D
Gadd9
ry to re - mind us. Let's make
A
G
hon - ey, ba - by, soft and ten - der. Let's make


A
G
su - gar, dar - lin': sweet sur - ren - der. Let's make a
D
G
night to re - mem - ber
N.C.
all all life long.
Dsus4
D



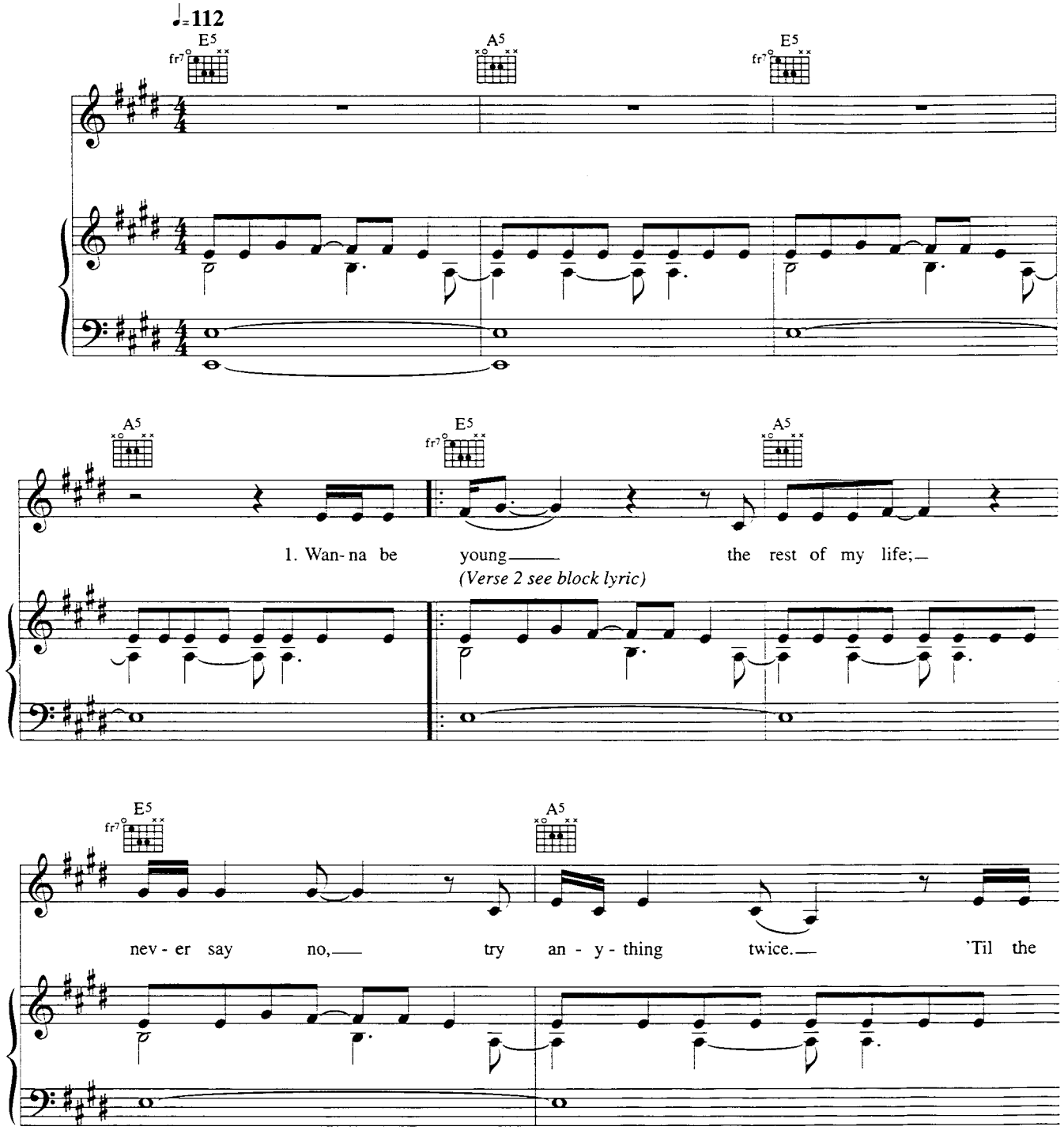
Verse 2:
I love the way you move tonight,
Beads of sweat drippin' down your skin,
Me lyin' here an' you lyin' there,
Our shadows on the wall and our hands everywhere.

Let's make out, let's do something amazing.
Let's do something that's all the way.
'Cos I've never touched somebody
Like the way I touch your body,
Now I never wanna let your body go.

Let's make a night to remember, *etc.*

18 til I die

Words & Music by Bryan Adams & Robert John "Mutt" Lange



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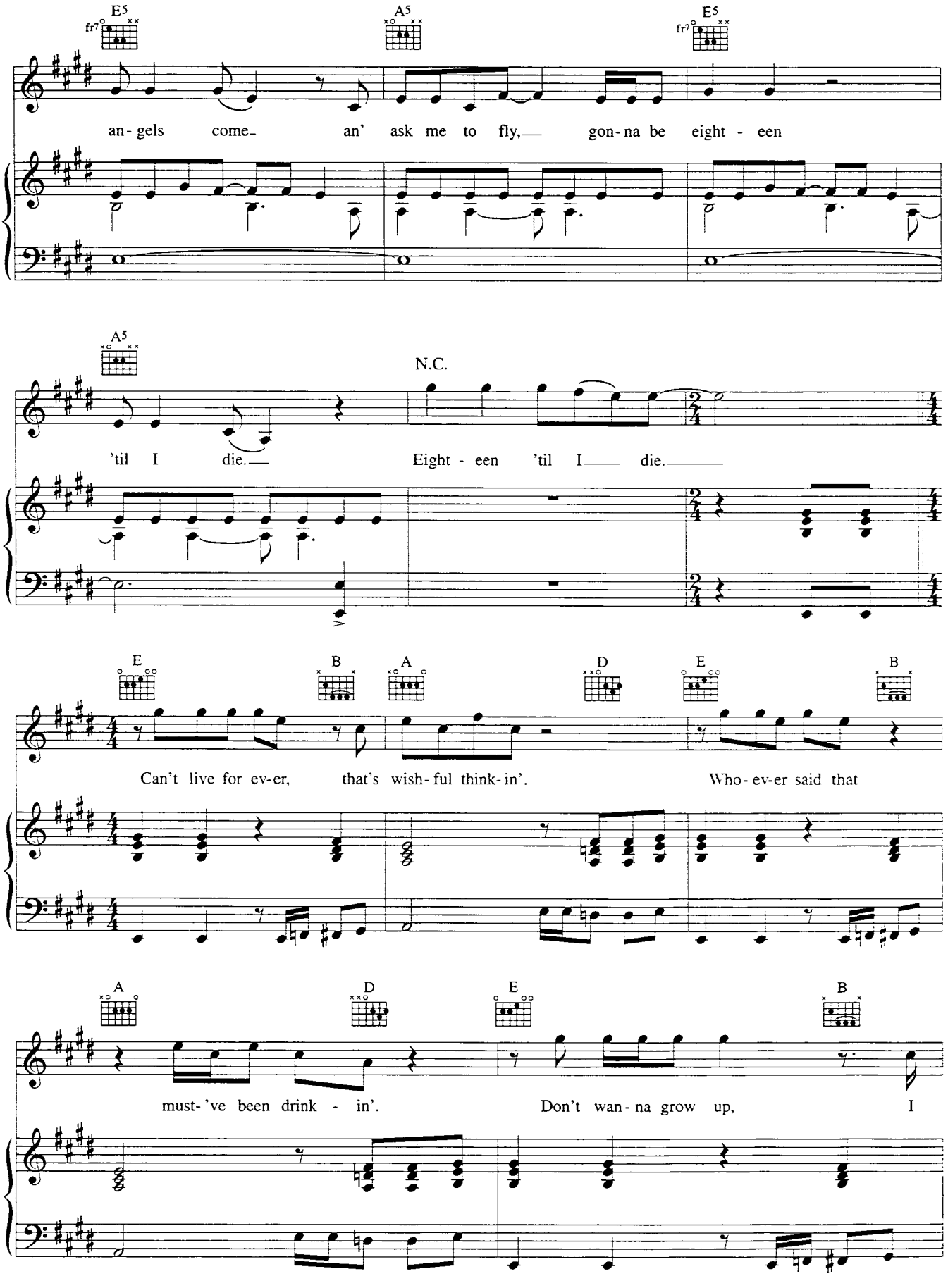
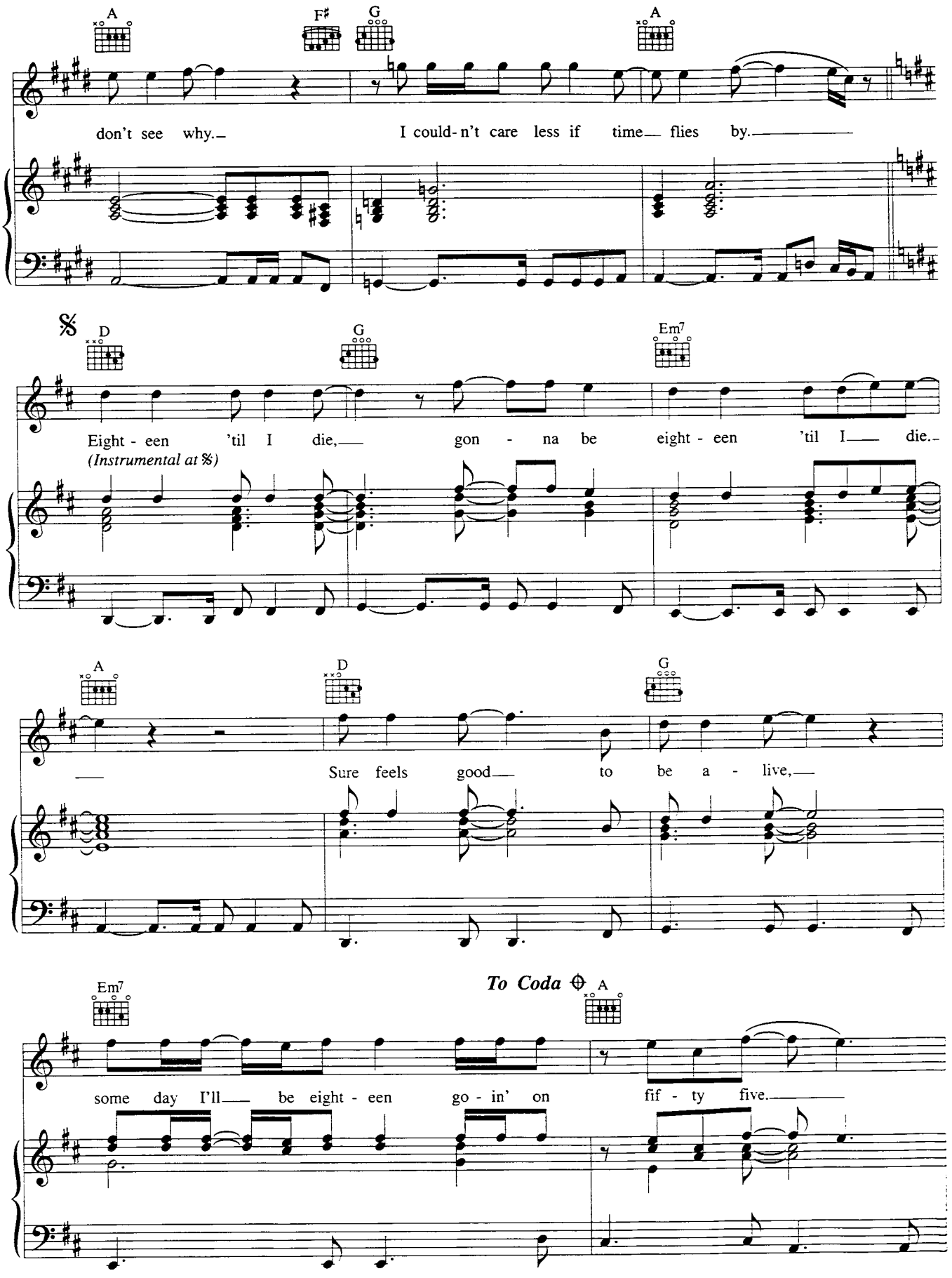
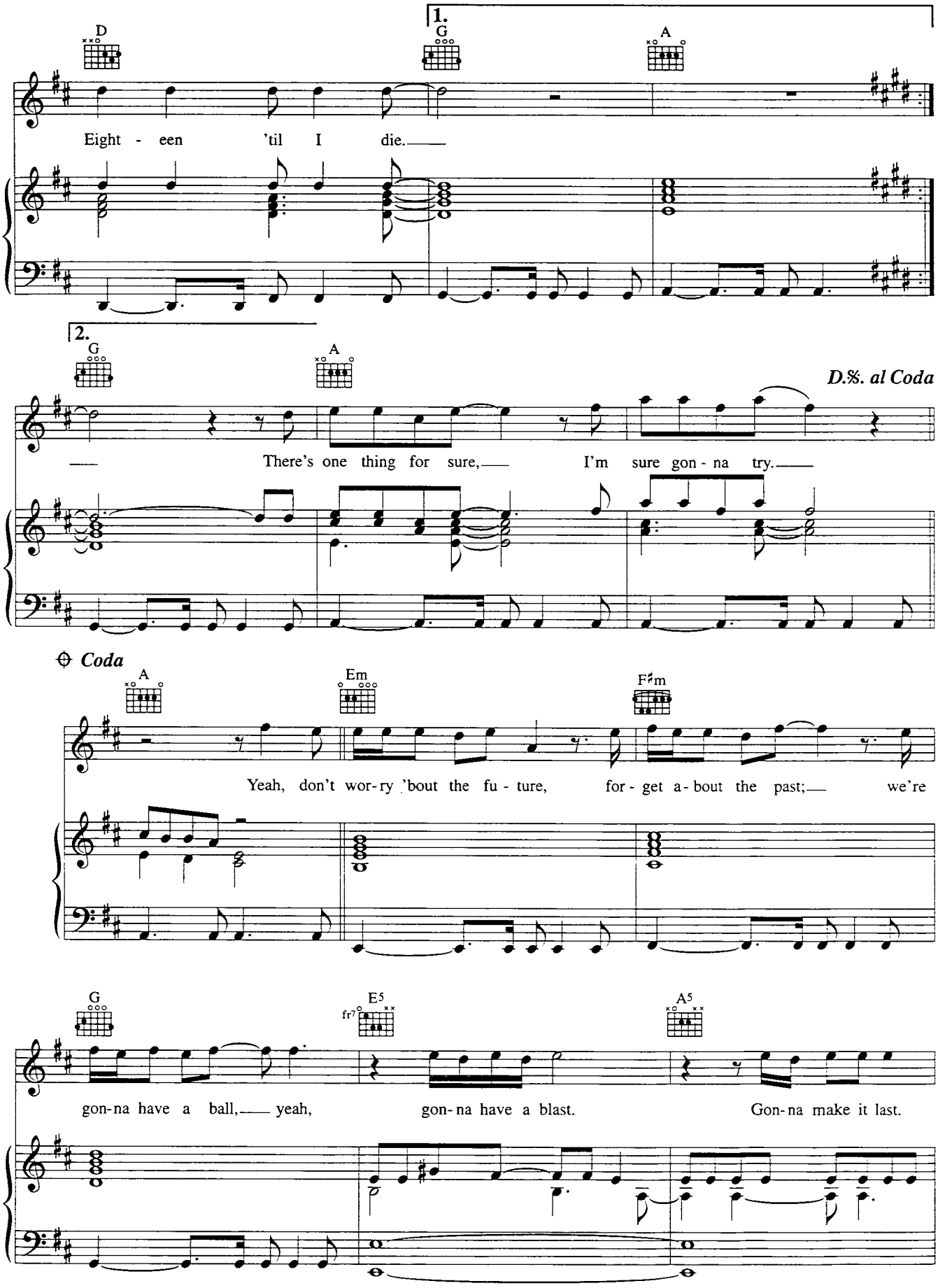
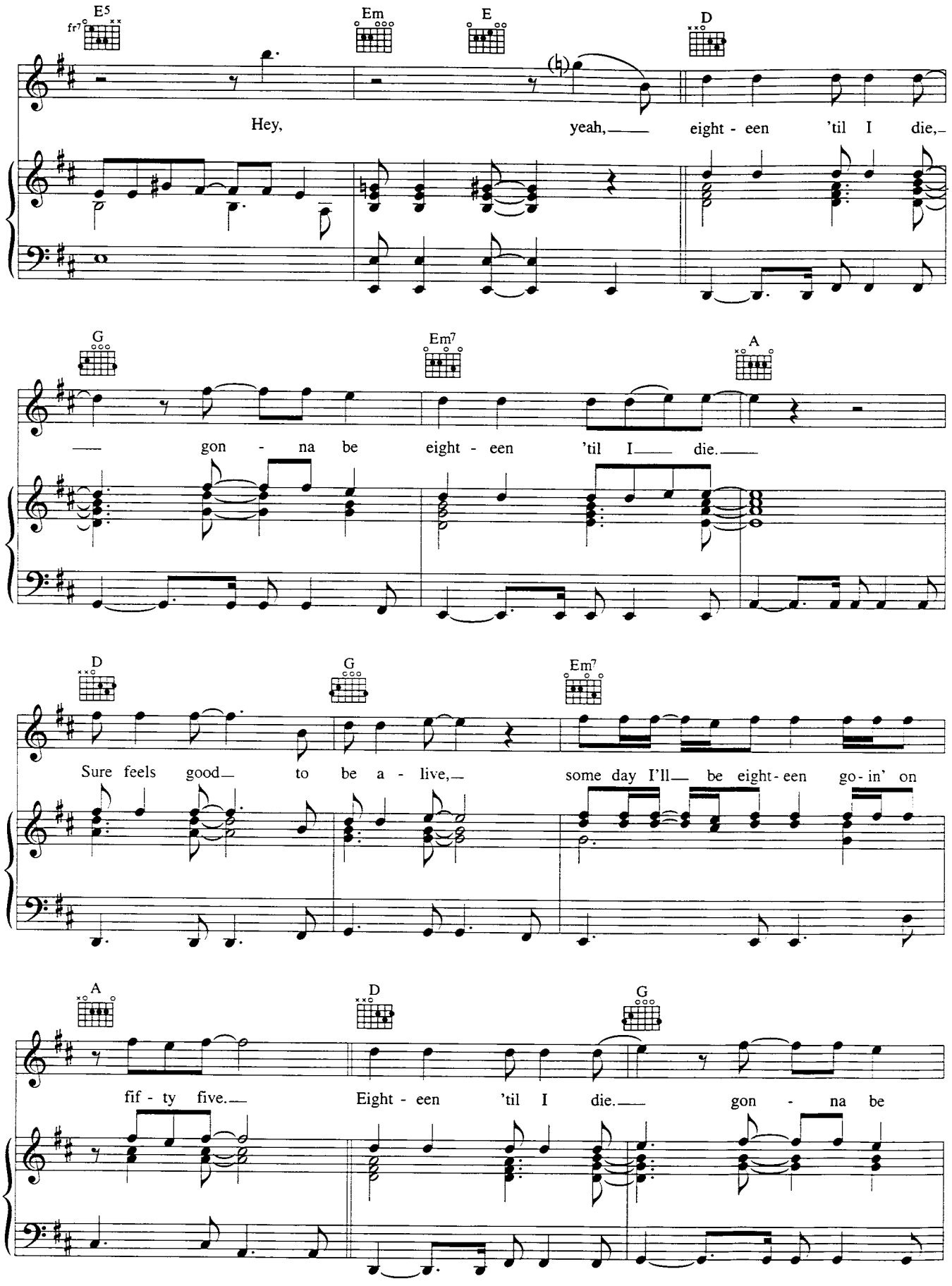
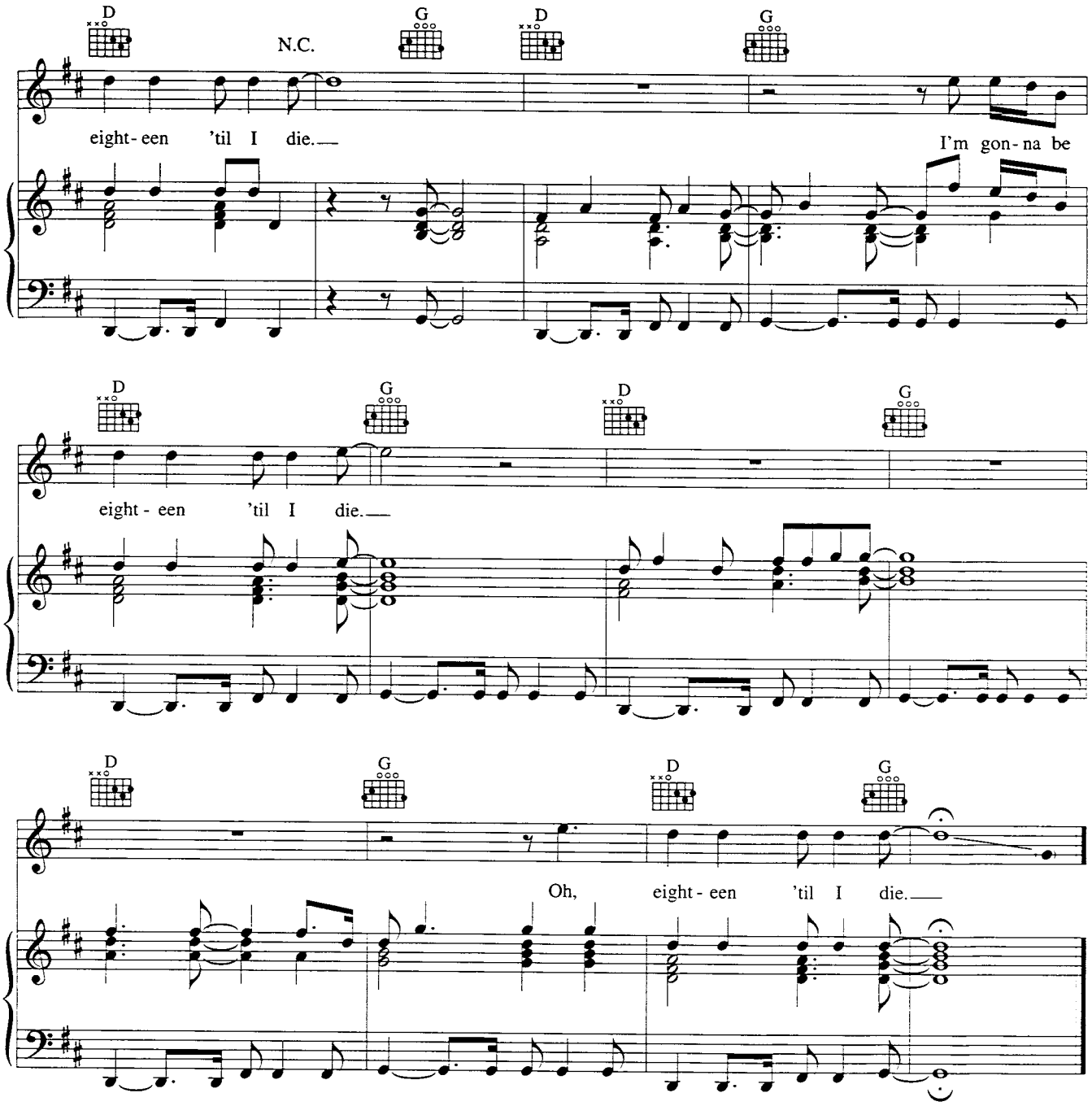

E5
A5
E5
an-gels come an' ask me to fly, gon-na be eight-een
A5
N.C.
'til I die. Eight-een 'til I die.
E
B
A
D
E
B
Can't live for ev-er, that's wish-ful think-in'. Who-ev-er said that
A
D
E
B
must-'ve been drink-in'. Don't wan-na grow up, I


A
F♯
G
A
don't see why.
I could-n't care less if time flies by.
𝄋
D
G
Em7
Eight - een 'til I die, gon - na be eight - een 'til I die.
(Instrumental at 𝄋)
A
D
G
Sure feels good to be a - live,
Em7
To Coda
A
some day I'll be eight - een go - in' on fif - ty five.


1.
D
G
A
Eight - een 'til I die.
2.
G
A
D.%. al Coda
There's one thing for sure, I'm sure gon - na try.
Coda
A
Em
F♯m
Yeah, don't wor-ry 'bout the fu - ture, for - get a - bout the past; we're
G
E5
fr7
A5
gon-na have a ball, yeah, gon-na have a blast. Gon-na make it last.


E5
Em
E
D
Hey, yeah, eight - een 'til I die,
G
Em7
A
gon - na be eight - een 'til I die.
D
G
Em7
Sure feels good to be a - live, some day I'll be eight - een go - in' on
A
D
G
fif - ty five. Eight - een 'til I die. gon - na be

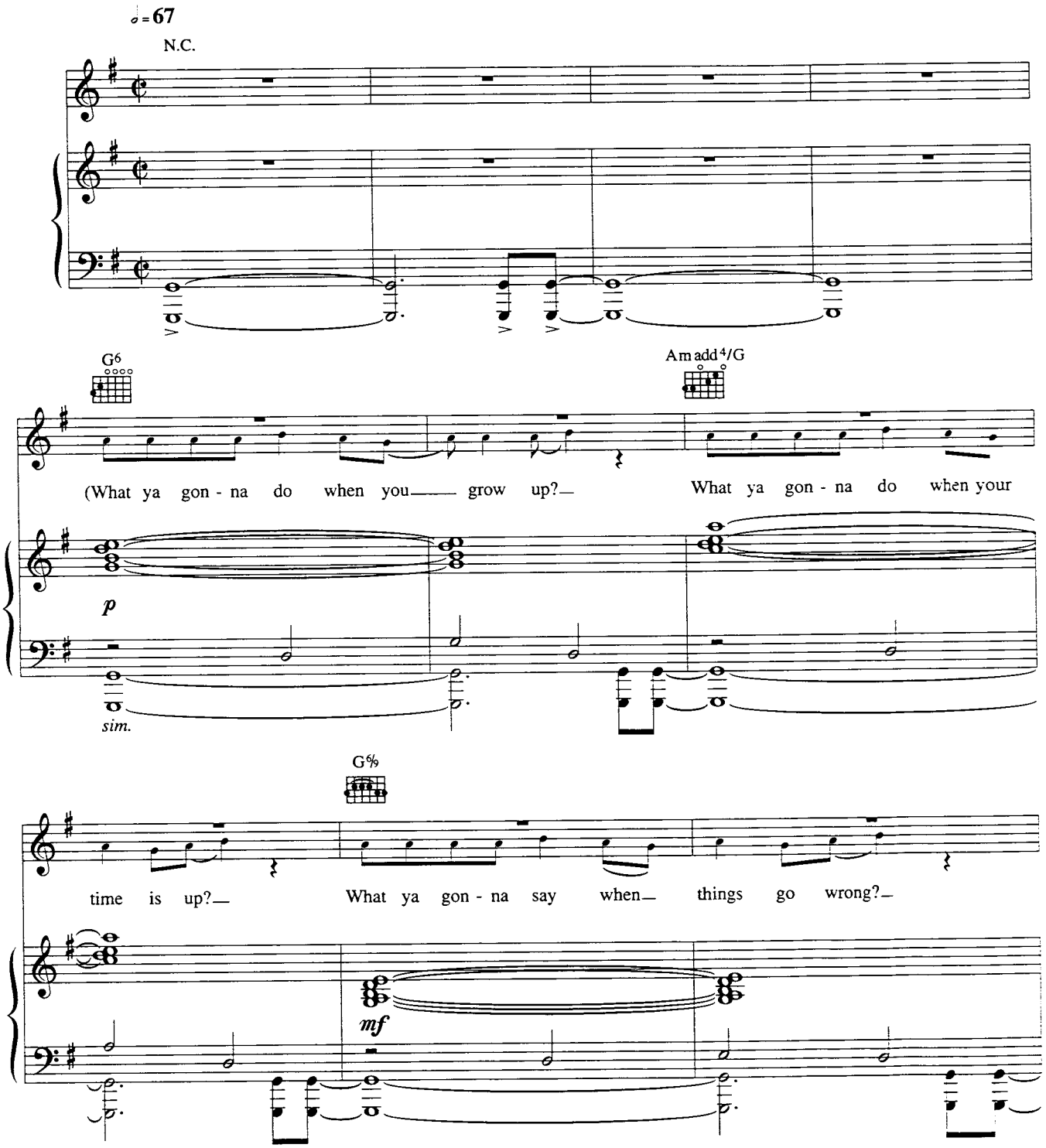


Verse 2:
Anyway, I just wanna say
Why bother with what happened yesterday?
It's not my style, I live for the minute;
If you wanna stay young, get both feet in it.
18 'til I die.
A li'l bit of this, a li'l bit of that;
A li'l bit of everything, gotta get on track.
It's not how you look, it's what you feel inside.
I don't care when, I don't need to know why.

18 'til I die *etc.*

Star

Words & Music by Bryan Adams, Robert John "Mutt" Lange & Michael Kamen



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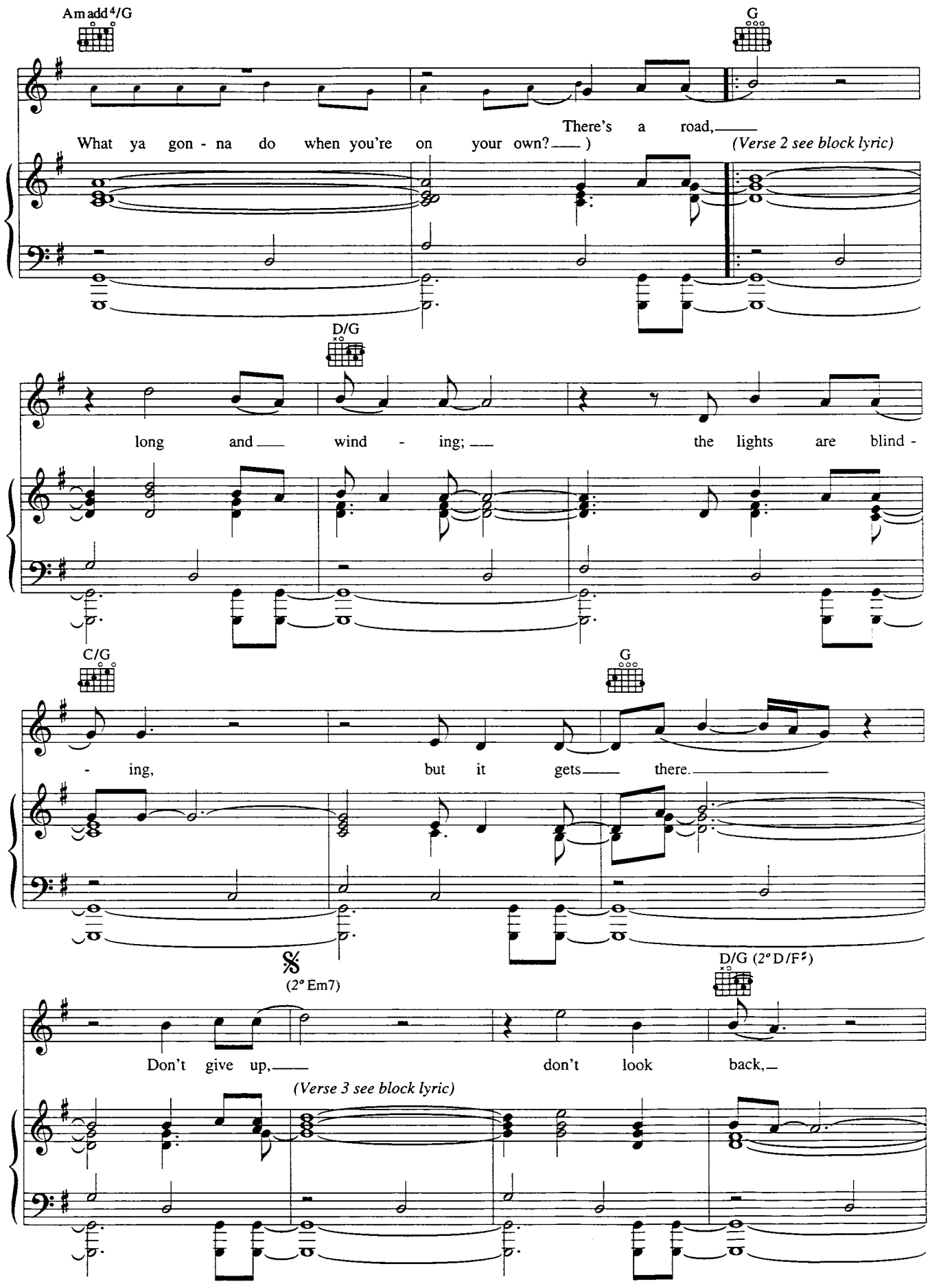
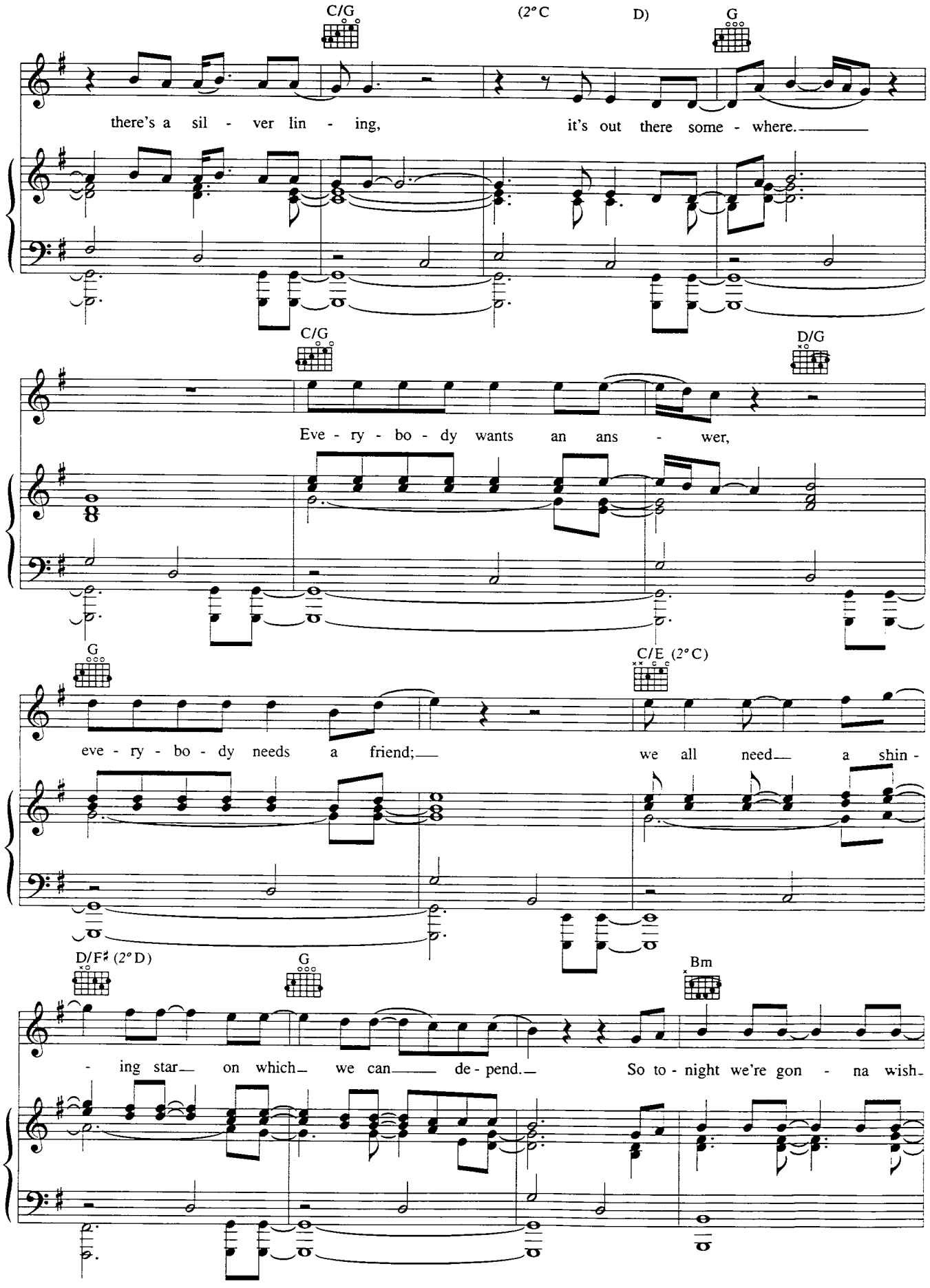
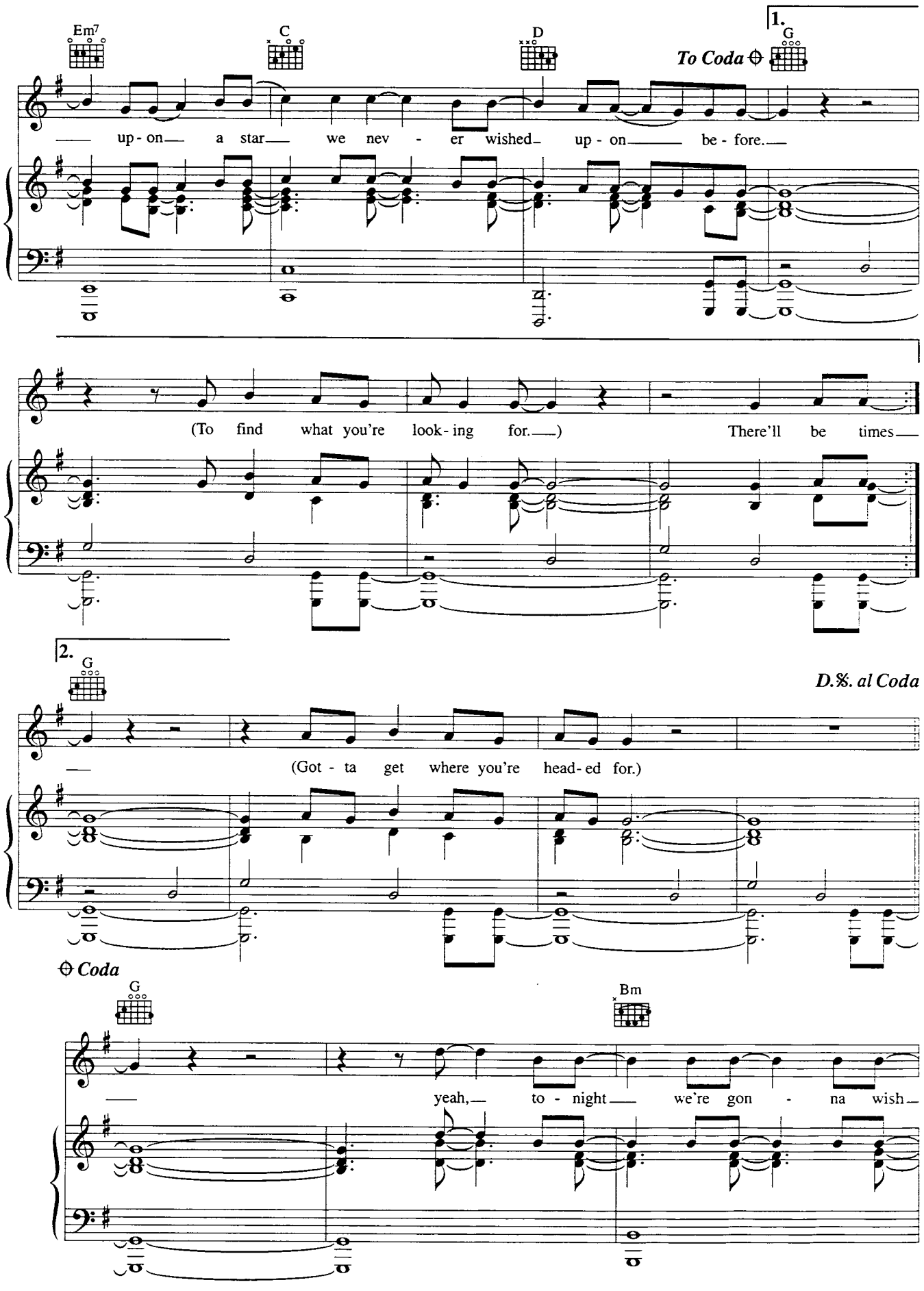
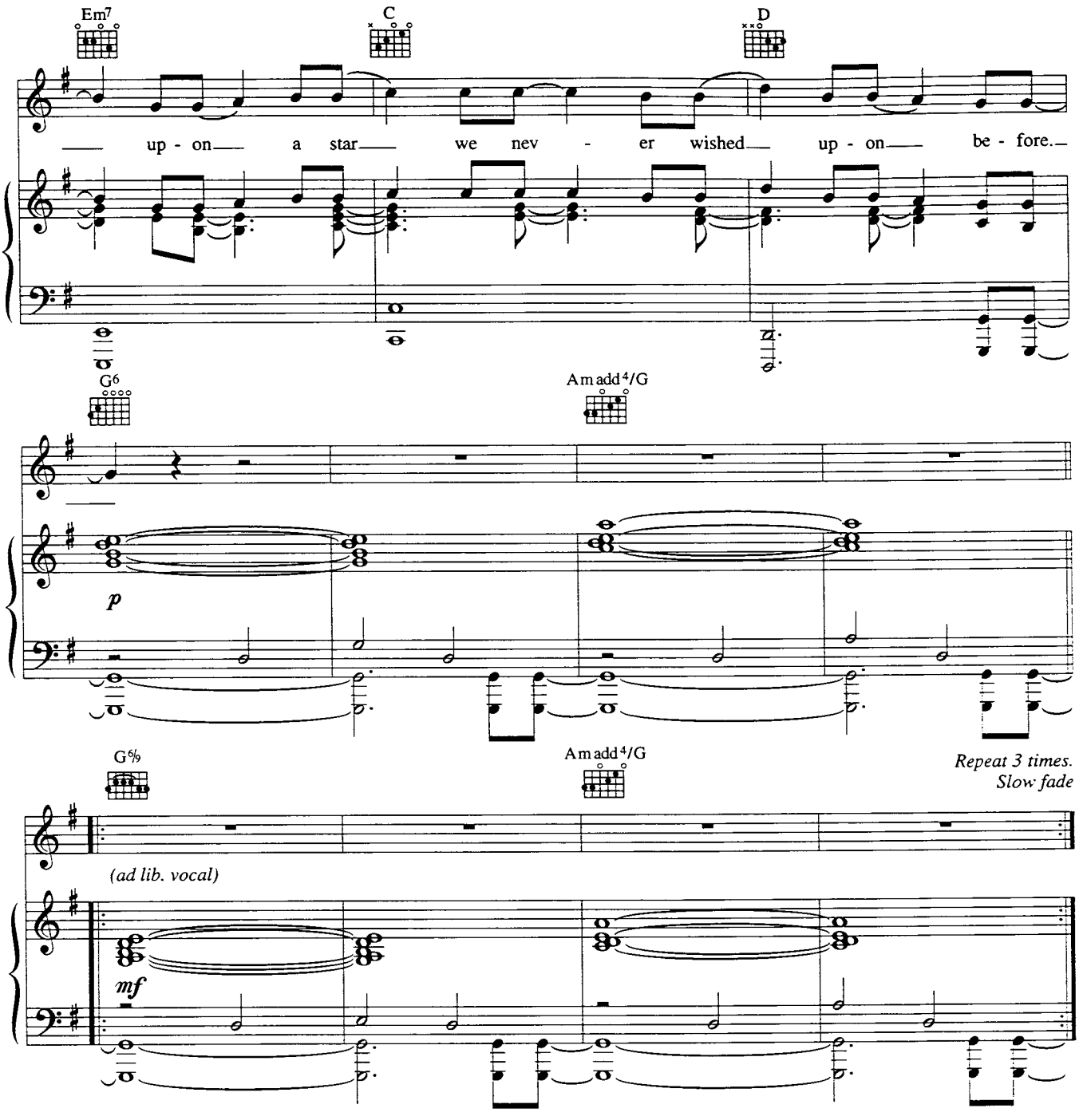

Am add4/G
G
What ya gon - na do when you're on your own?) There's a road,
(Verse 2 see block lyric)
D/G
long and wind - ing; the lights are blind -
C/G
G
- ing, but it gets there.
(2° Em7)
D/G (2° D/F♯)
Don't give up, don't look back,
(Verse 3 see block lyric)


C/G
(2° C D)
G
there's a sil - ver lin - ing, it's out there some - where.
C/G
D/G
Eve - ry - bo - dy wants an ans - wer,
G
C/E (2° C)
eve - ry - bo - dy needs a friend; we all need a shin -
D/F♯ (2° D)
G
Bm
- ing star on which we can de - pend. So to - night we're gon - na wish-


Em7
C
D
1.
G
To Coda
up - on a star we nev - er wished up - on be - fore.
(To find what you're look - ing for.) There'll be times
2.
G
D.S. al Coda
(Got - ta get where you're head - ed for.)
Coda
G
Bm
yeah, to - night we're gon - na wish



Verse 2:
There'll be times in your life, yeah,
When you be dancin' an' shit
But you ain't gettin' it.
But don't get disillusioned,
No don't expect too much.
'Cos if what you have is all you can get,
Just keep tryin'—it just ain't happened yet.
Everybody wants to be a winner,
Everybody has a dream.
We all need a shining star
When things ain't what they seem.
So tonight we're gonna wish upon a star
We never wished upon before.

Verse 3:
Instrumental
Everybody wants some kindness,
Everybody needs a break.
We all need a shining star
When things get hard to take.
So tonight we're gonna wish upon a star
We never wished upon before.

(I Wanna Be) Your Underwear

Words & Music by Bryan Adams & Robert John "Mutt" Lange

♩ = 81

B5 N.C. B5 N.C. B5

I

wan - na be your T - shirt when it's wet. I wan - na be the show - er when you sweat. I got to be the tat - too on your skin. Yeah,

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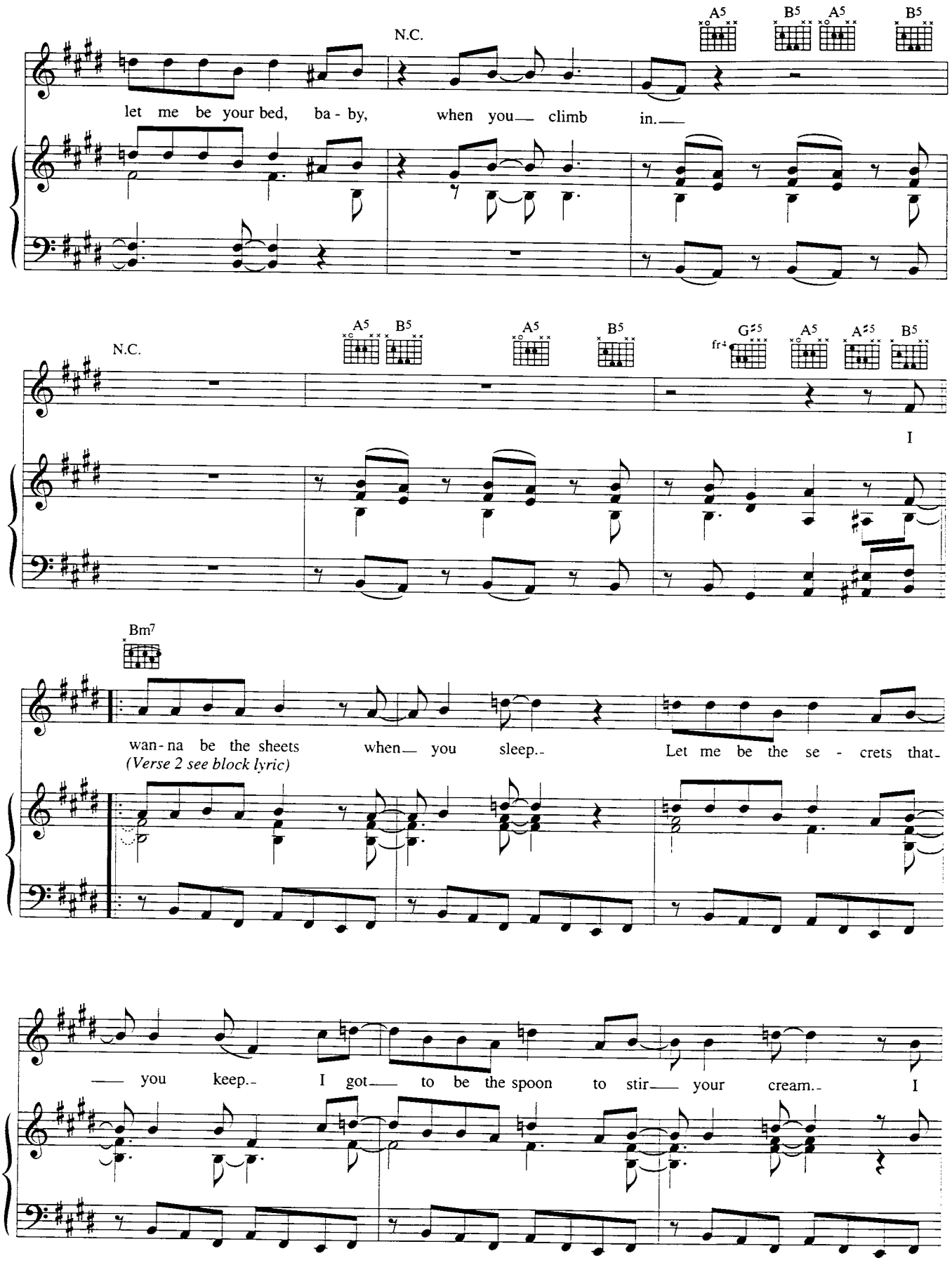
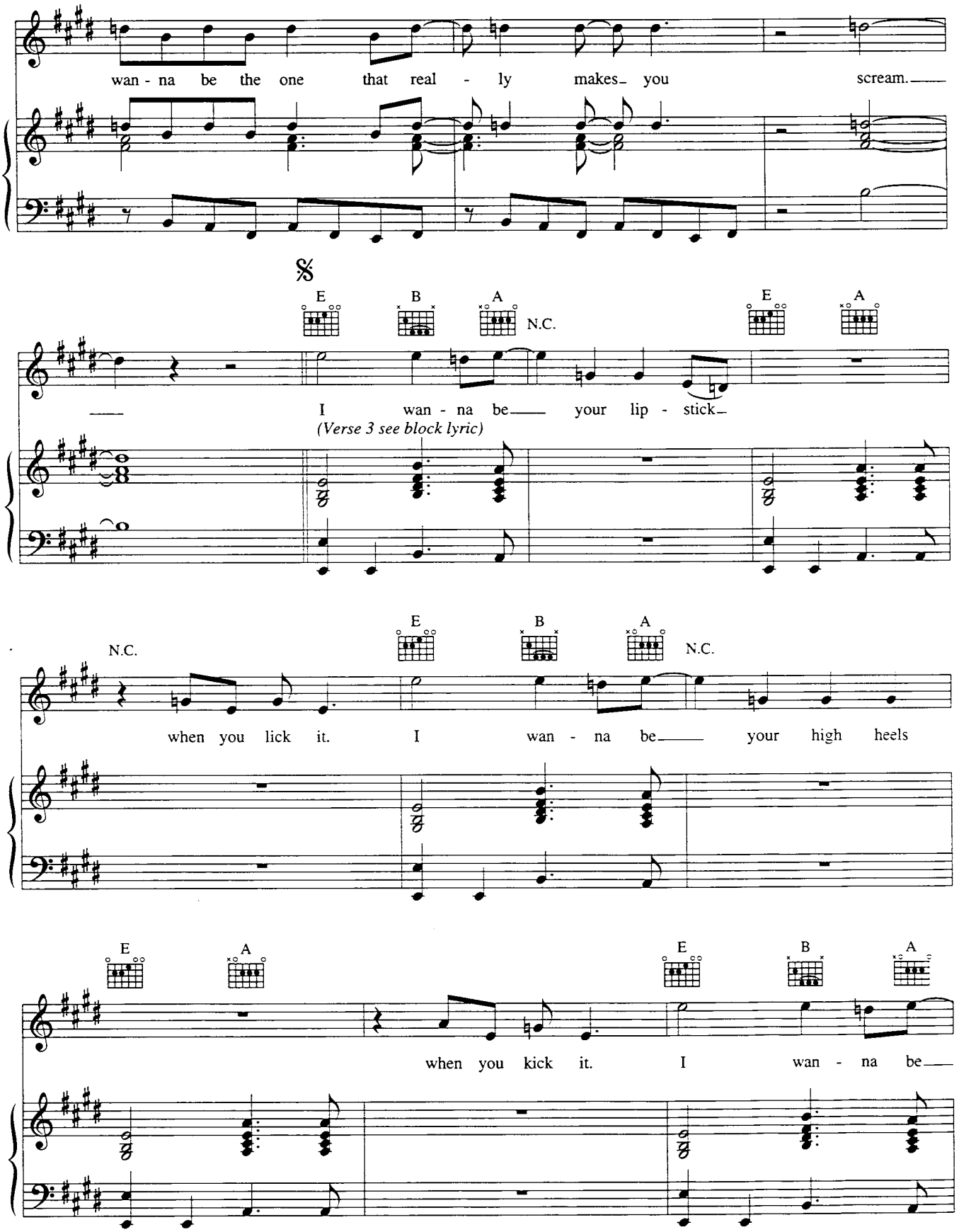
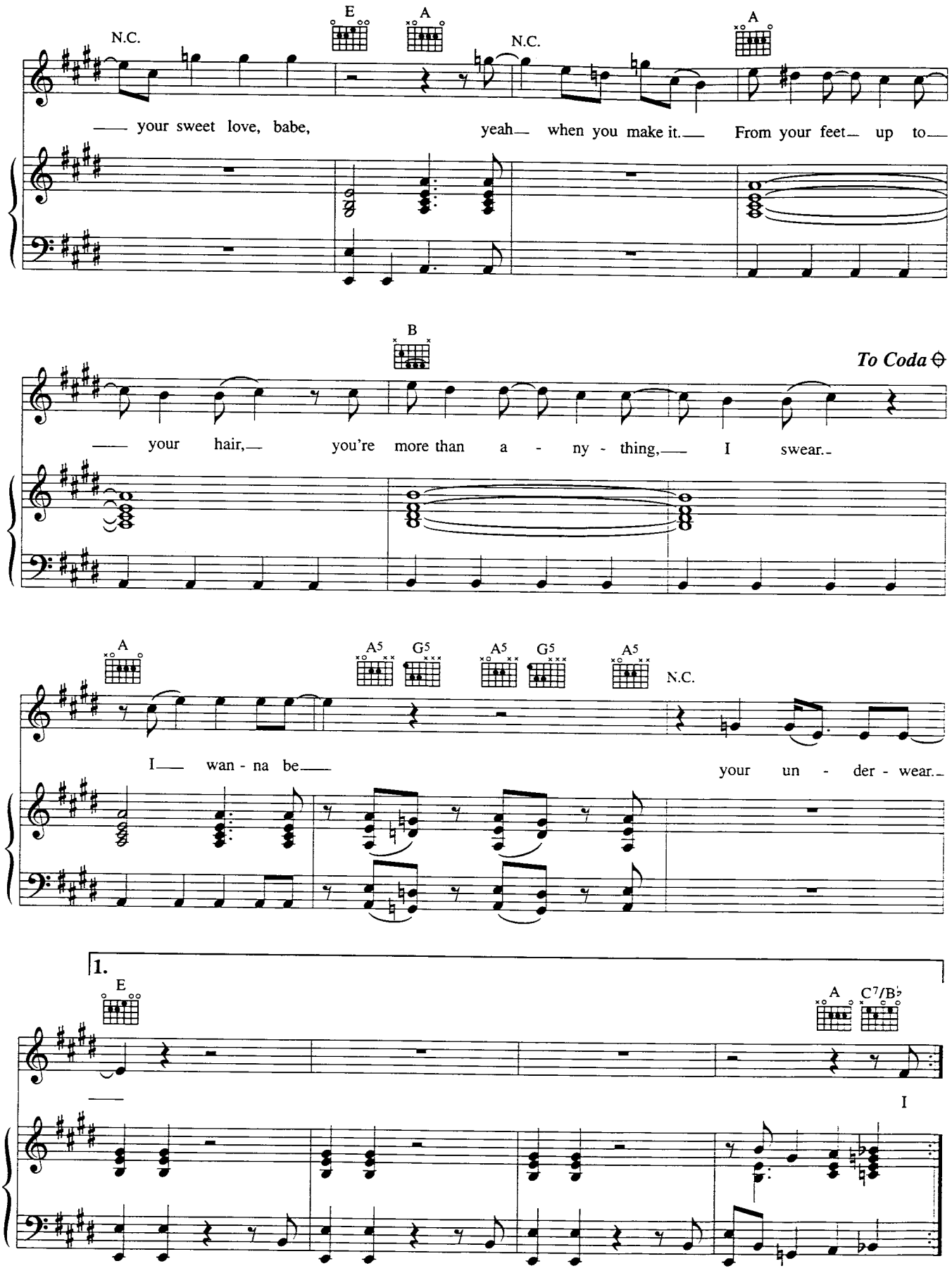
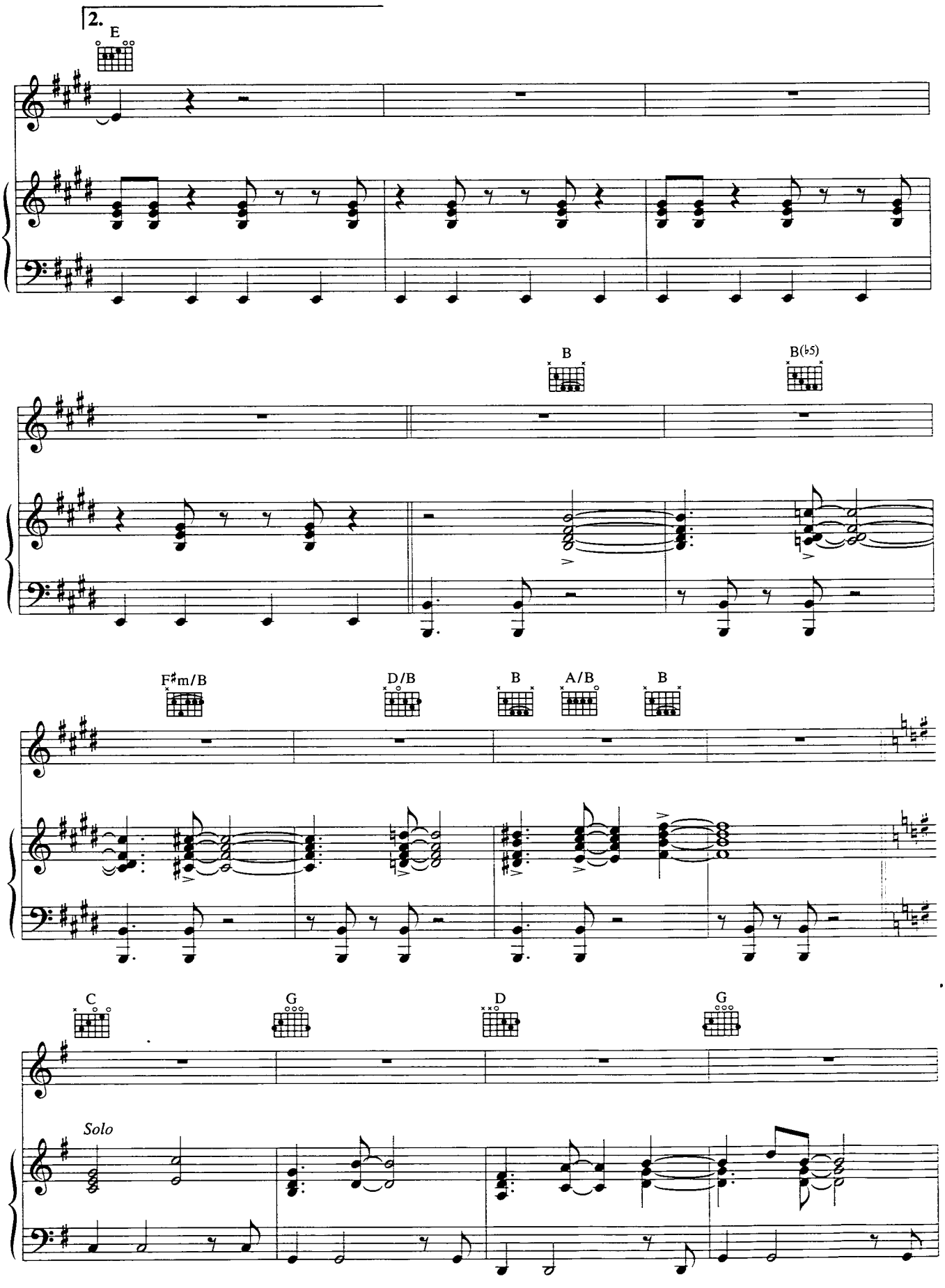
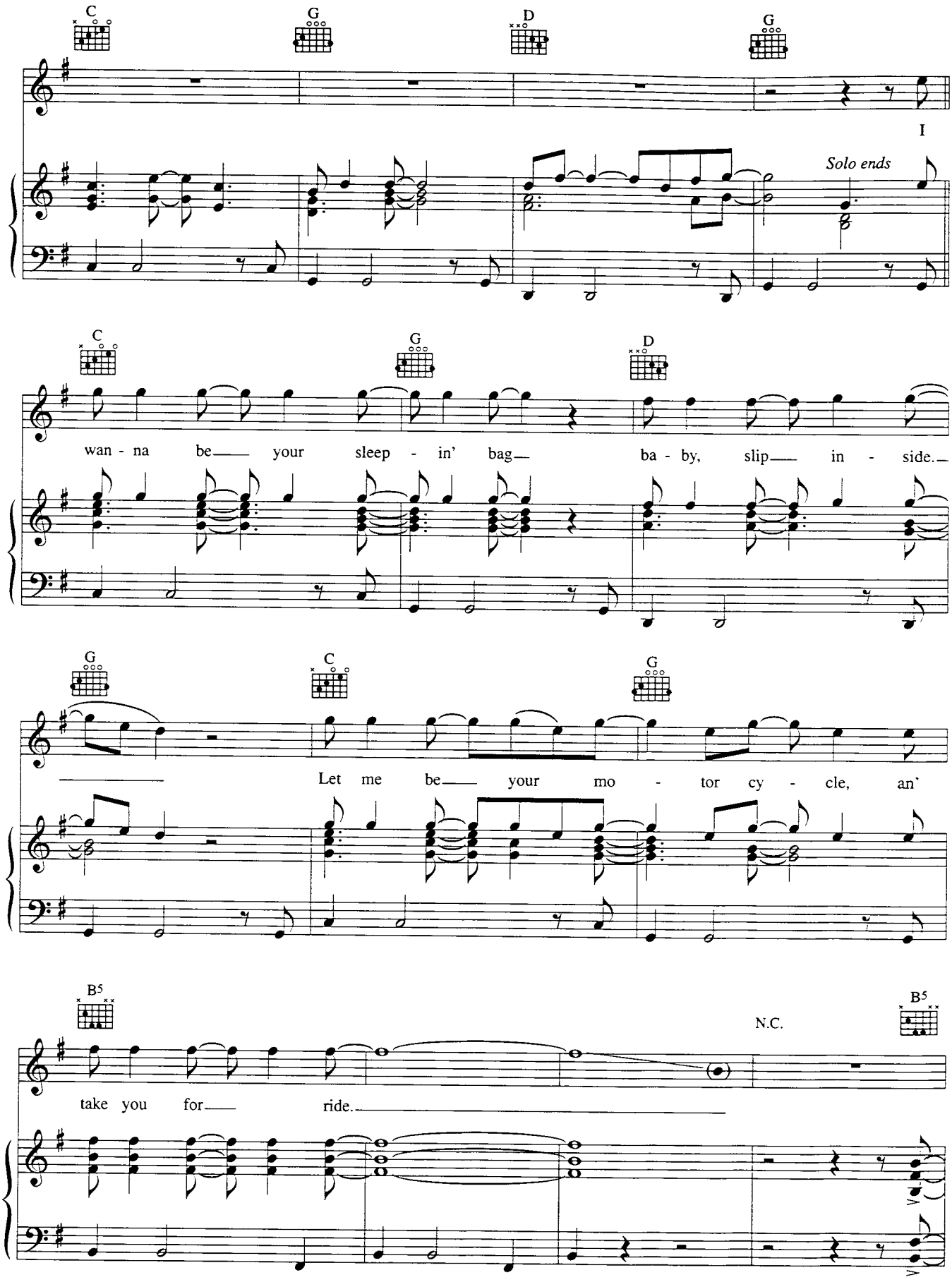
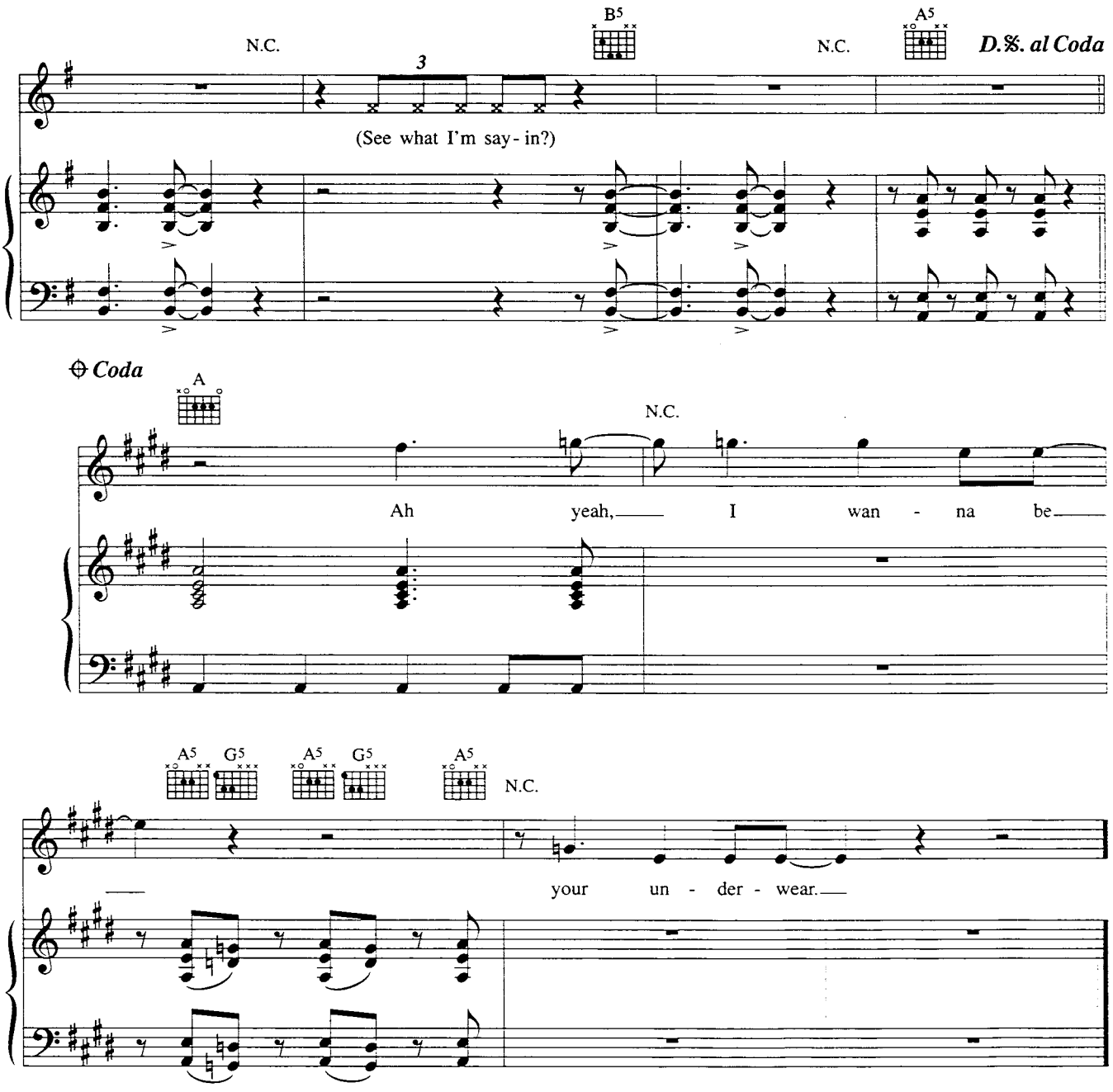

N.C.
A5
B5
A5
B5
let me be your bed, ba - by, when you climb in.
N.C.
A5
B5
A5
B5
G♯5
fr4
A5
A♯5
B5
I
Bm7
wan - na be the sheets when you sleep. Let me be the se - crets that
(Verse 2 see block lyric)
you keep. I got to be the spoon to stir your cream. I


wan - na be the one that real - ly makes you scream.
E B A N.C. E A
I wan - na be your lip - stick
(Verse 3 see block lyric)
N.C. E B A N.C.
when you lick it. I wan - na be your high heels
E A E B A
when you kick it. I wan - na be


N.C.
E
A
N.C.
A
your sweet love, babe,
yeah when you make it.
From your feet up to
B
To Coda
your hair,
you're more than a - ny - thing,
I swear.
A
A5
G5
A5
G5
A5
N.C.
I wan - na be
your un - der - wear.
1.
E
A
C7/B♭
I


2.
E
B
B(♭5)
F♯m/B
D/B
B
A/B
B
C
G
D
G
Solo


C
G
D
G
I
Solo ends
C
G
D
wan - na be your sleep - in' bag ba - by, slip in - side.
G
C
G
Let me be your mo - tor cy - cle, an'
B5
N.C.
B5
take you for ride.

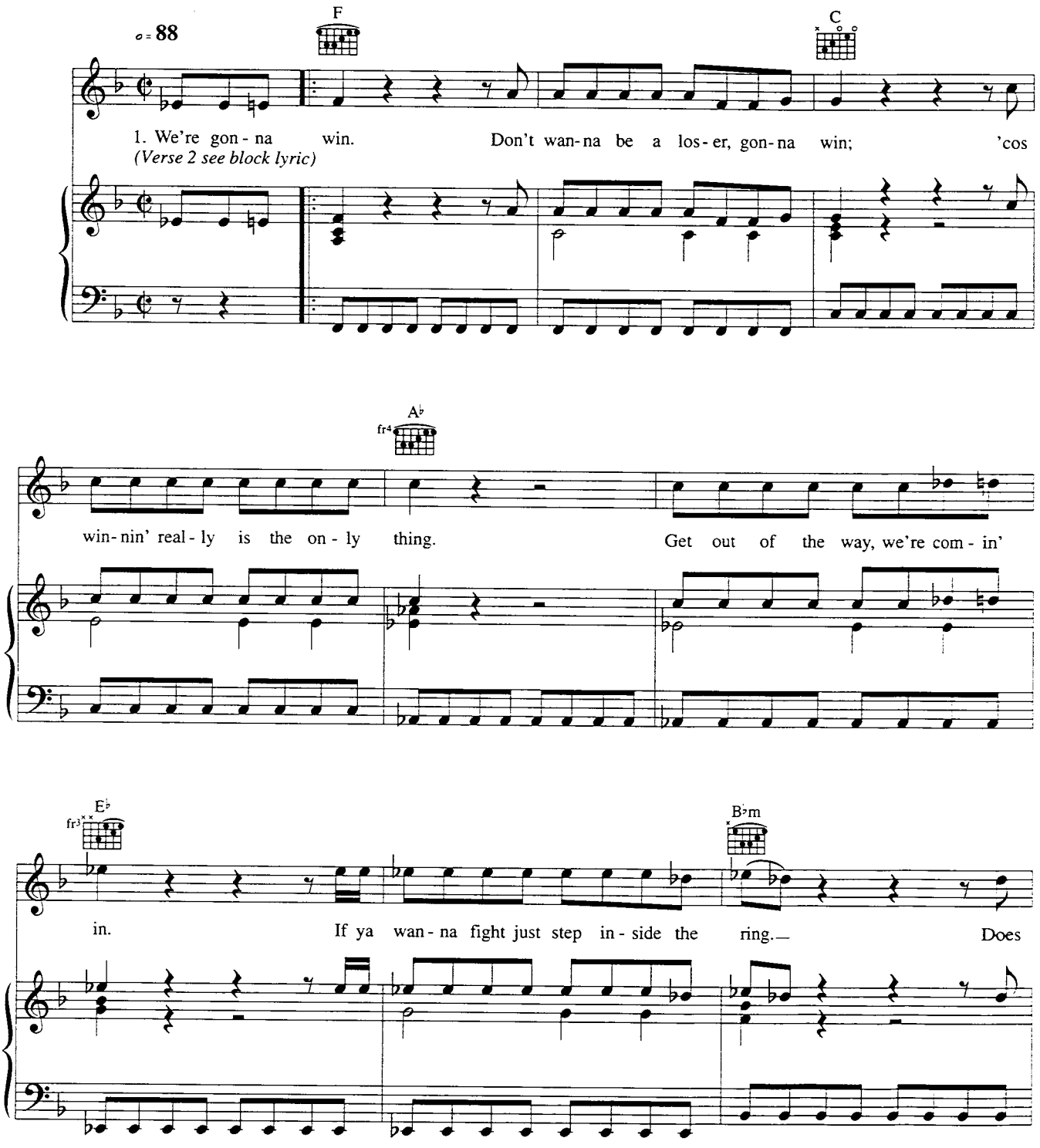


Verse 2:
I wanna be the itch that you scratch.
Wanna be the chair when you relax.
I got to be your razor when you shave.
Wanna be the habit that really makes you crave.
I wanna be your hot tub when you're dippin'.
I wanna be your bathrobe when your drippin'.
I wanna be your cocktail, baby, when you're sippin'.
I just wanna be right there,
More than anything, I swear.
I wanna be your underwear.

Verse 3:
I wanna be your hot sauce, yeah, when you're cookin'.
I wanna be your sunglasses; hey, good lookin'.
I want, I wanna be the one you stick your hook in.
I just wanna be right there,
More than anything, I swear.
Ah yeah, I wanna be your underwear.

We're Gonna Win

Words & Music by Bryan Adams & Robert John "Mutt" Lange



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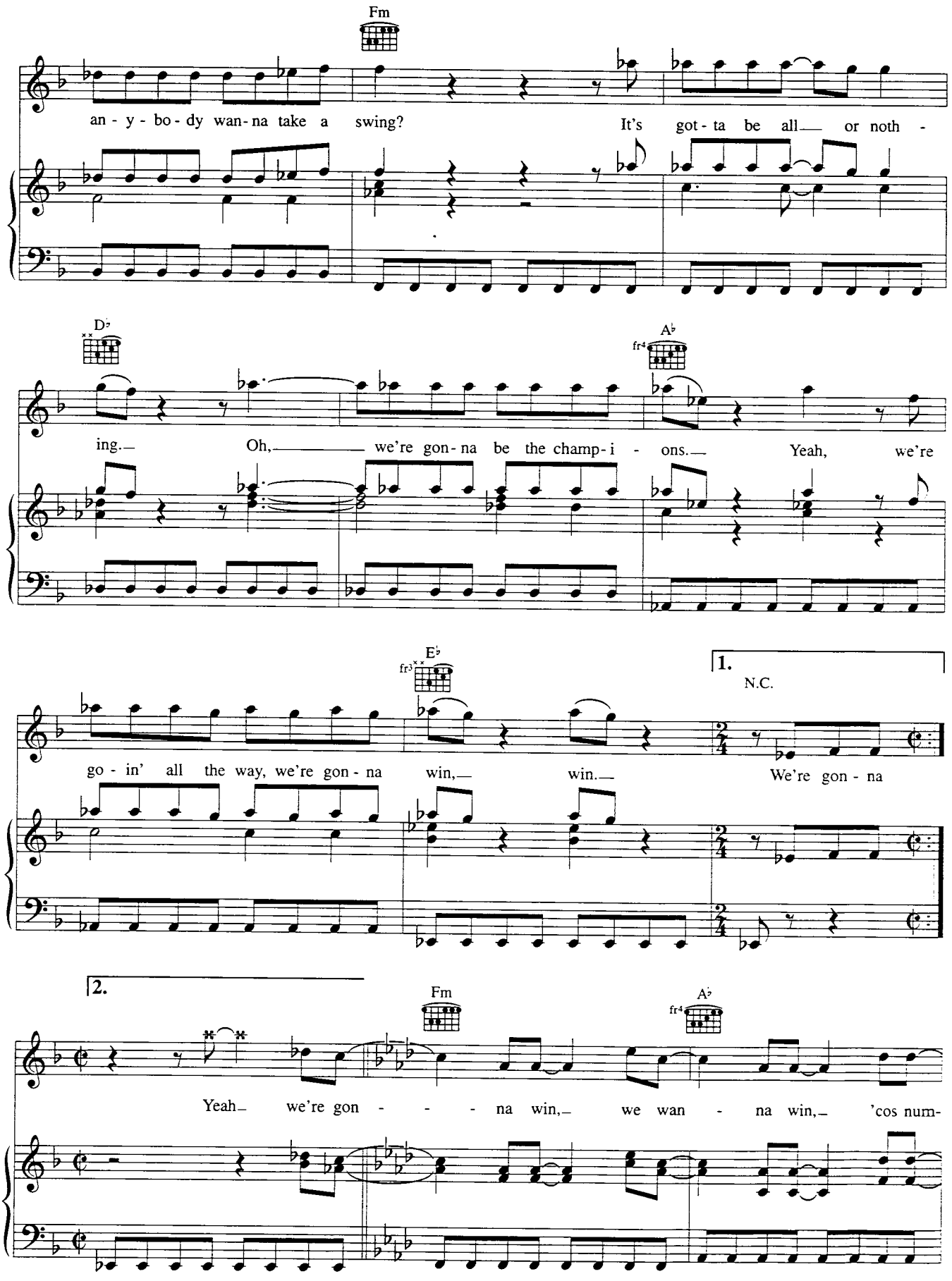
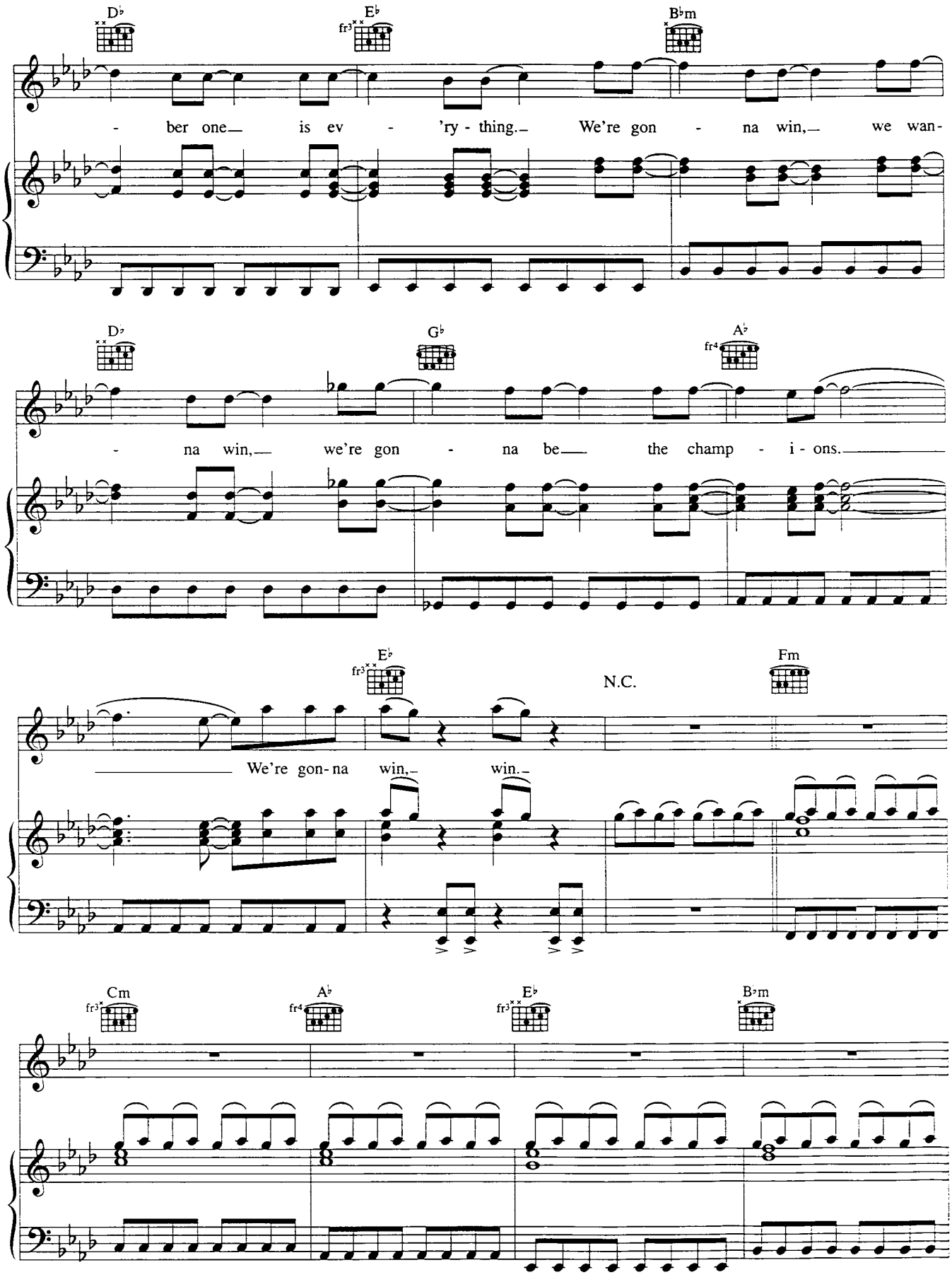
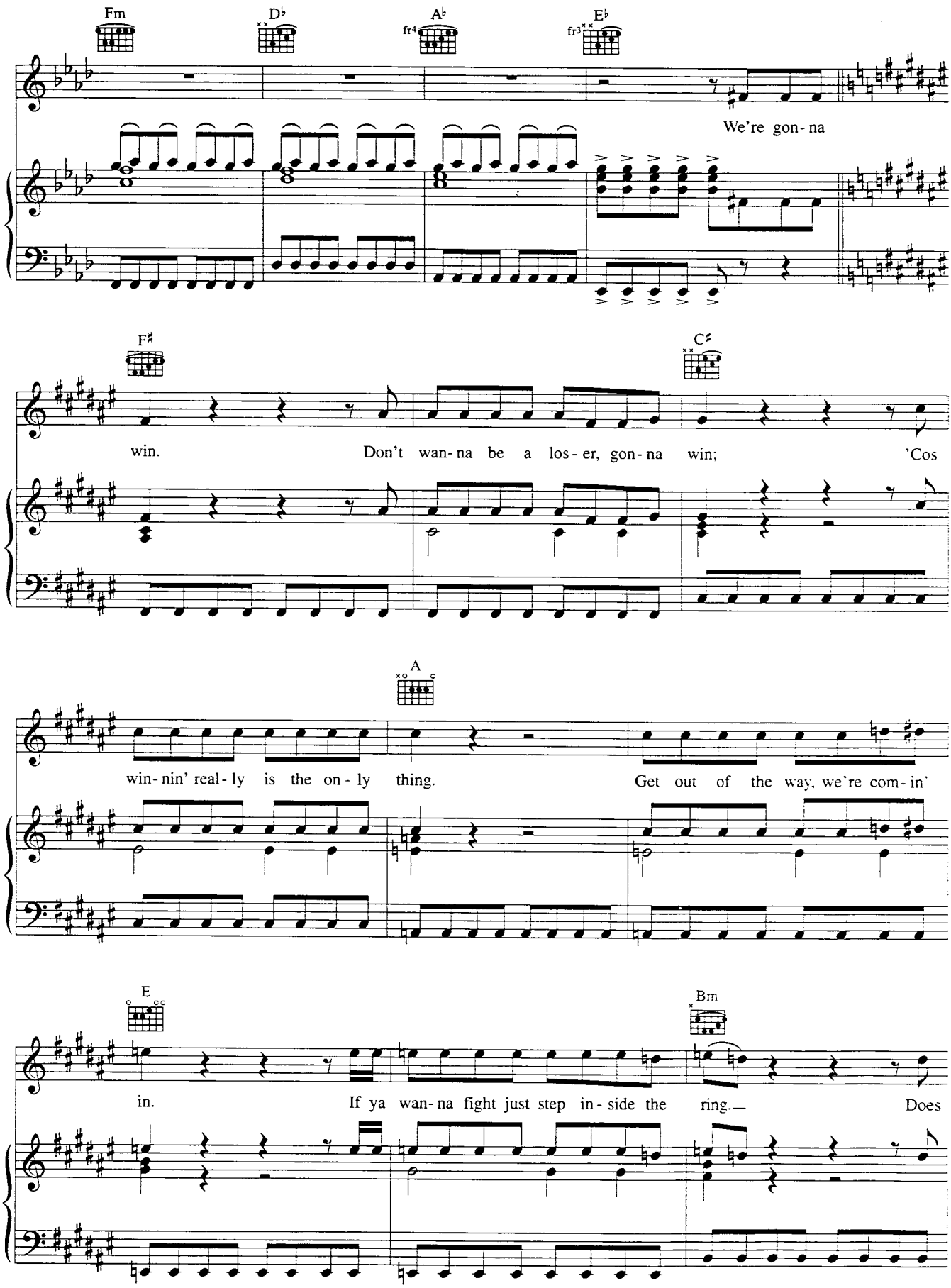
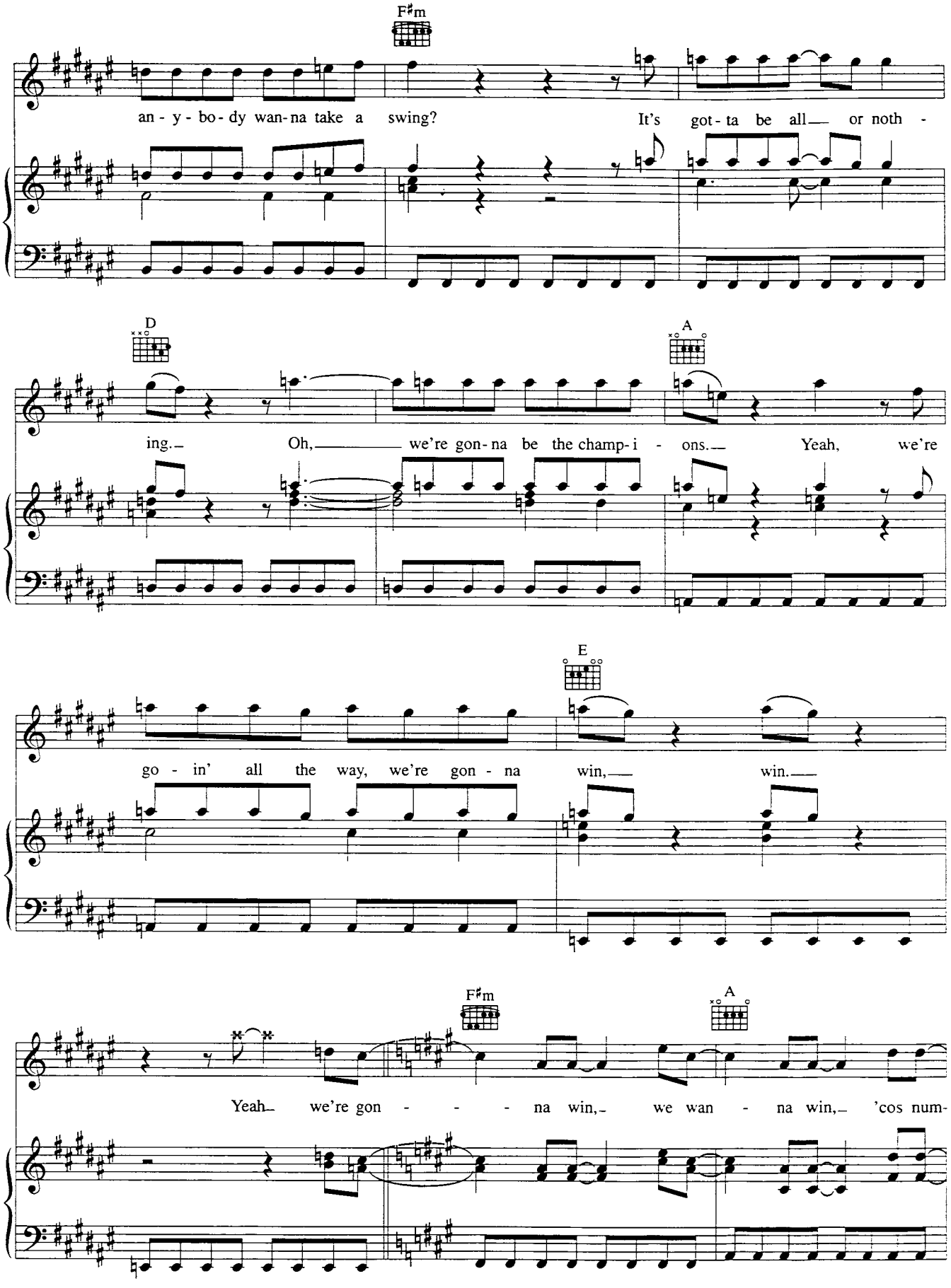
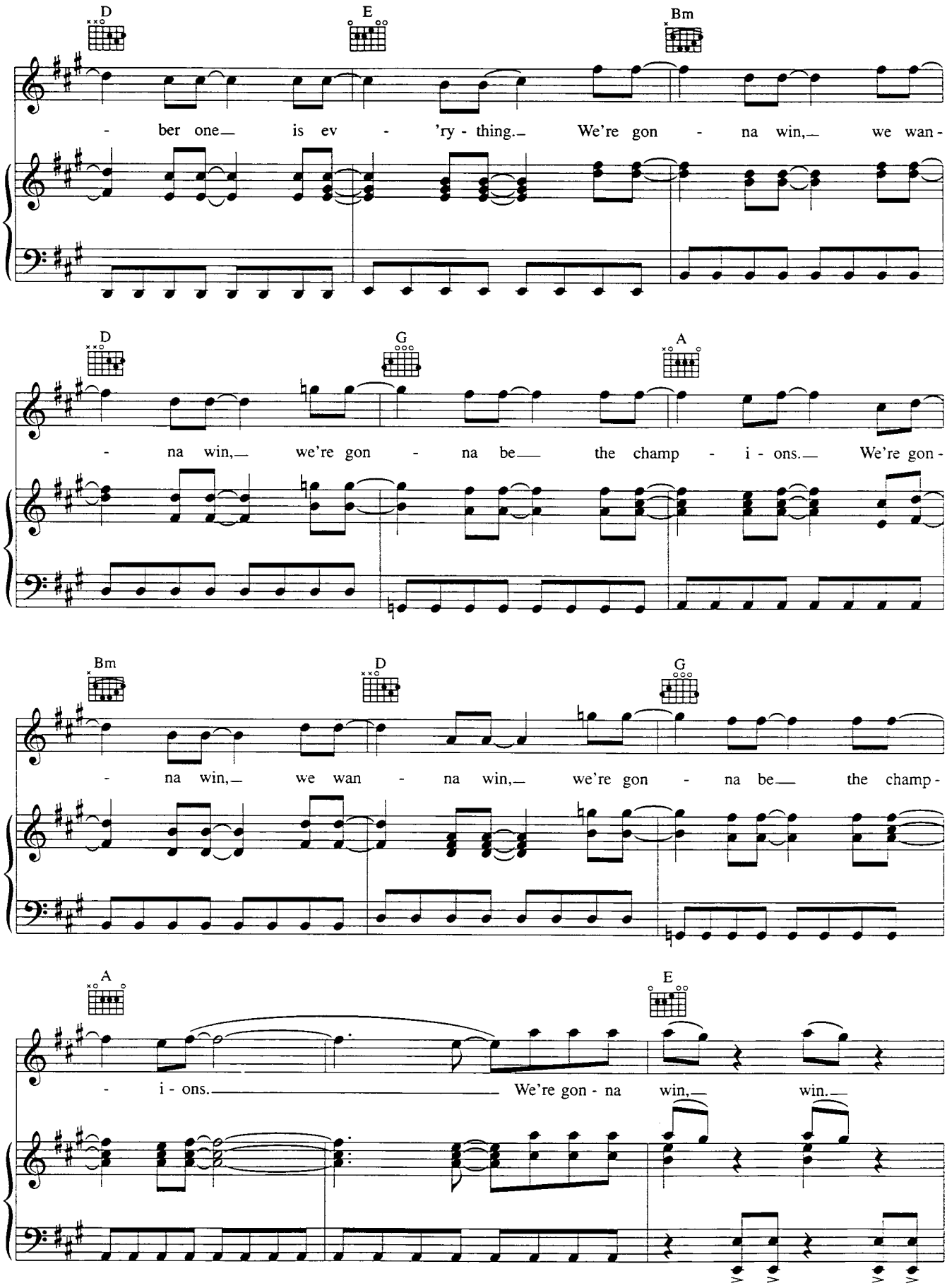
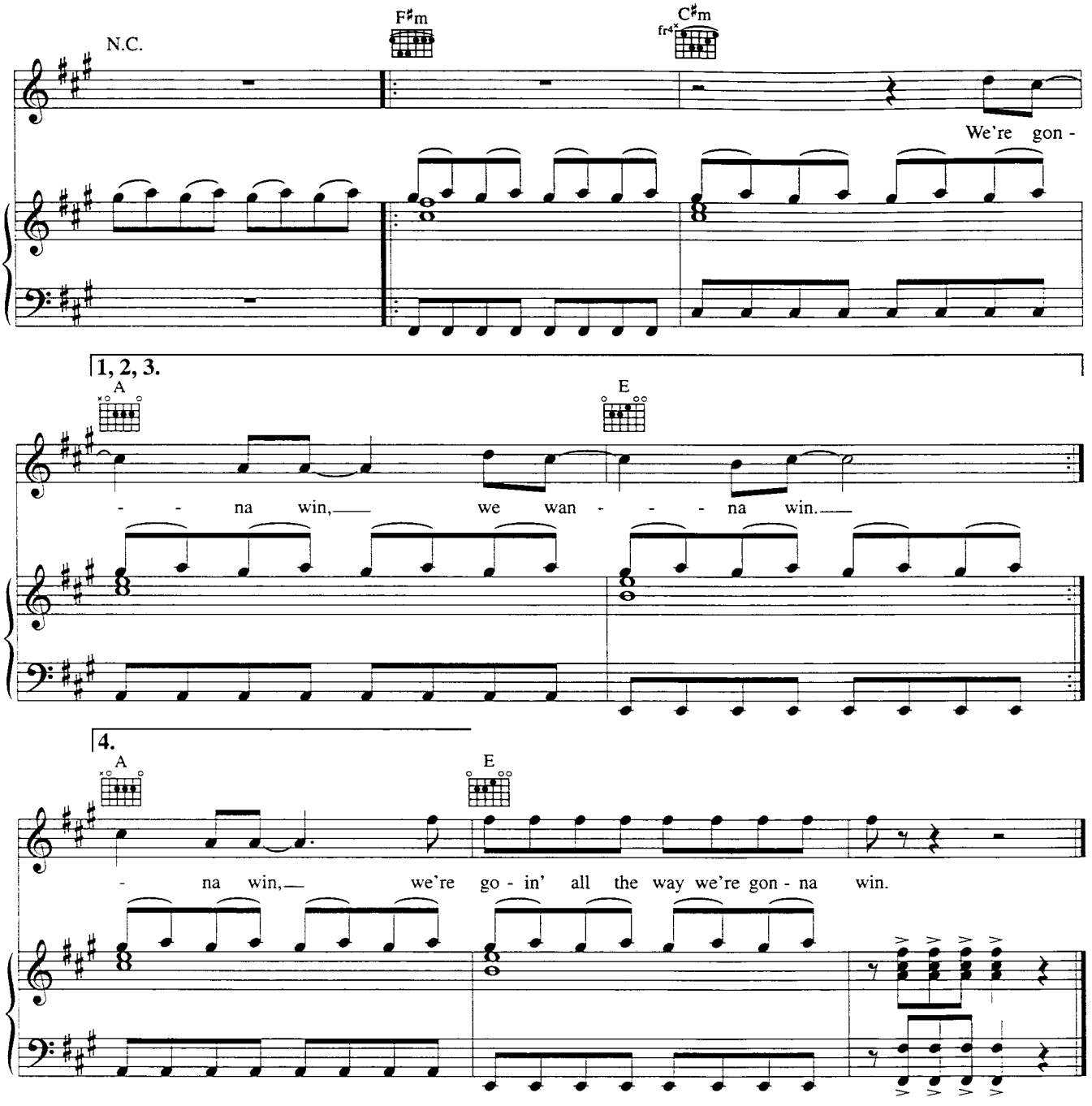

Fm
an - y - bo - dy wan - na take a swing?
It's got - ta be all or noth -
D♭
ing. Oh, we're gon - na be the champ - i - ons. Yeah, we're
A♭
go - in' all the way, we're gon - na win, win.
E♭
1.
N.C.
We're gon - na
2.
Fm
A♭
Yeah we're gon - - - na win, we wan - na win, 'cos num-


D♭
E♭
B♭m
- ber one— is ev - 'ry - thing.— We're gon - na win,— we wan-
D♭
G♭
A♭
- na win,— we're gon - na be— the champ - i - ons.
E♭
N.C.
Fm
We're gon-na win,— win.—
Cm
A♭
E♭
B♭m


Fm
D♭
A♭
fr4
E♭
fr3
We're gon-na
F♯
C♯
win. Don't wan-na be a los-er, gon-na win; 'Cos
A
win-nin' real-ly is the on-ly thing. Get out of the way, we're com-in'
E
Bm
in. If ya wan-na fight just step in-side the ring.— Does


F♯m
an - y - bo - dy wan - na take a swing? It's got - ta be all— or noth -
D
A
ing.— Oh,——— we're gon - na be the champ - i - ons.— Yeah, we're
E
go - in' all the way, we're gon - na win,— win.—
F♯m
A
Yeah— we're gon - - - na win,— we wan - na win,— 'cos num-

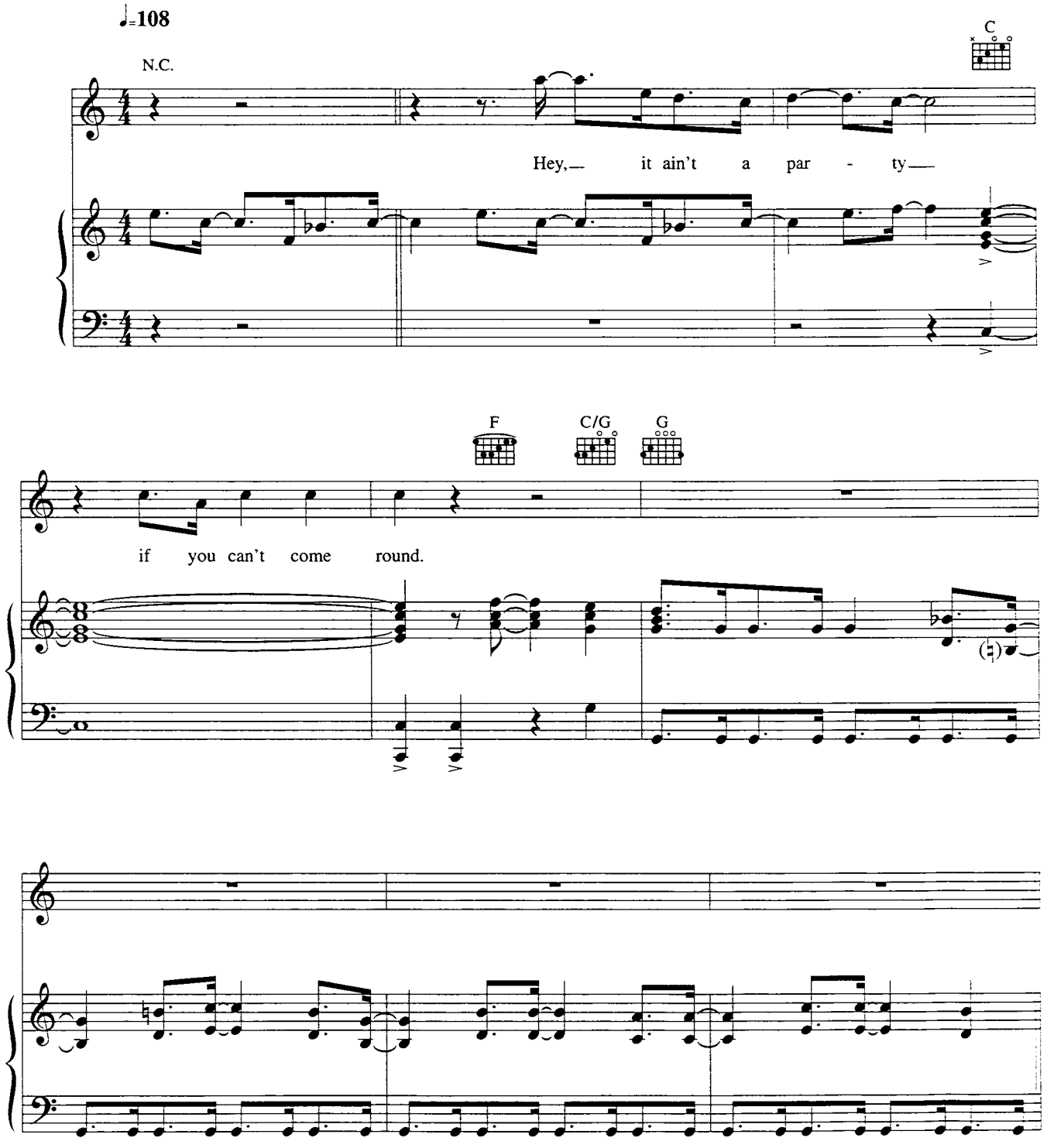

D
E
Bm
- ber one is ev - 'ry - thing. We're gon - na win, we wan -
D
G
A
- na win, we're gon - na be the champ - i - ons. We're gon -
Bm
D
G
- na win, we wan - na win, we're gon - na be the champ -
A
E
- i - ons. We're gon - na win, win.



Verse 2:
We're gonna win.
Forget about a draw, we're gonna score.
And then we're gonna get a few more,
Maybe another one just to be sure.
We'll make you look just like an amateur.
Until the final whistle it's a war,
And then we're gonna pick you off the floor.
We wanna hear the crowd really roar.
Yeah, we're comin' in:
We're gonna win, win.

It Ain't A Party...If You Can't Come 'Round

Words & Music by Bryan Adams & Robert John "Mutt" Lange



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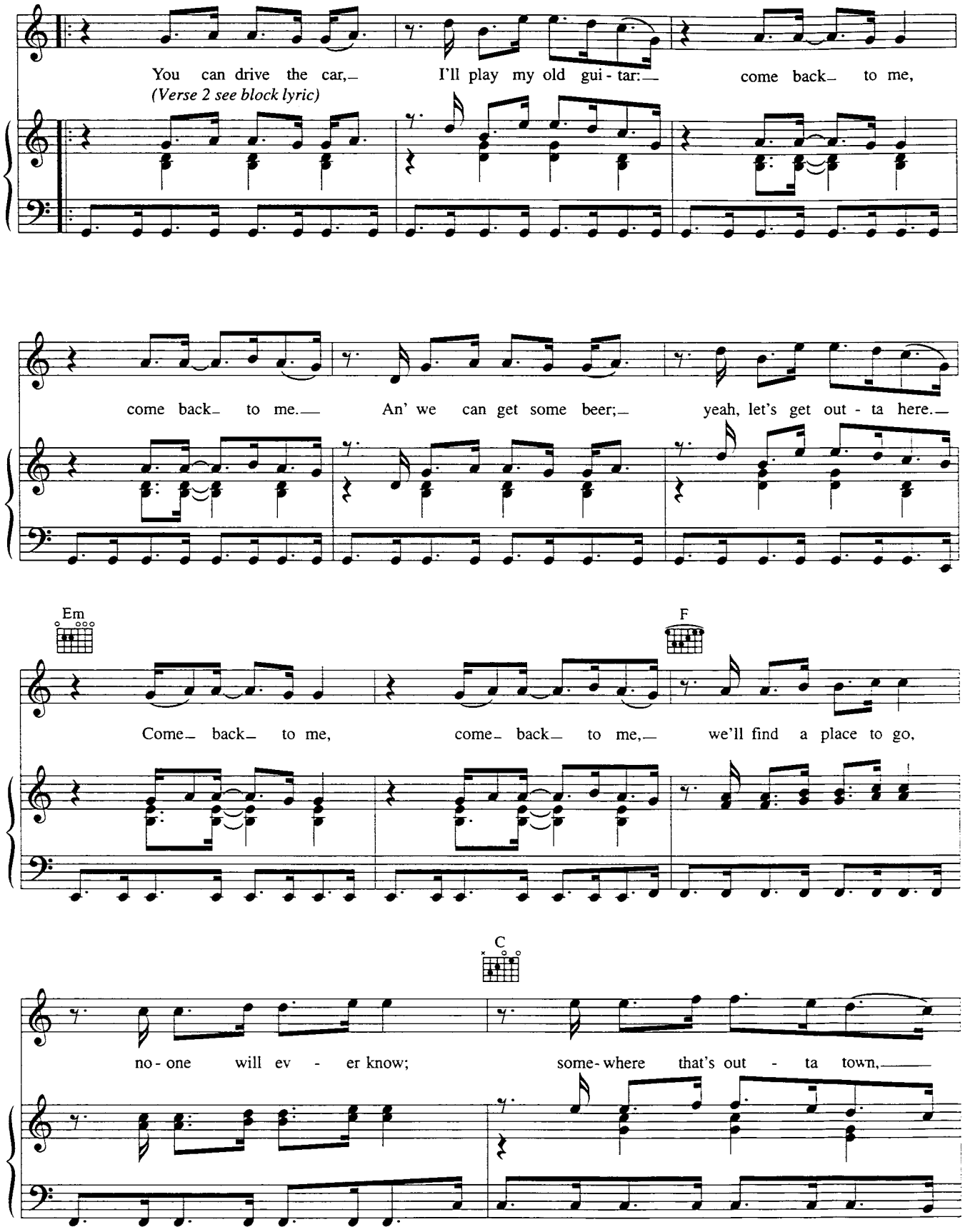
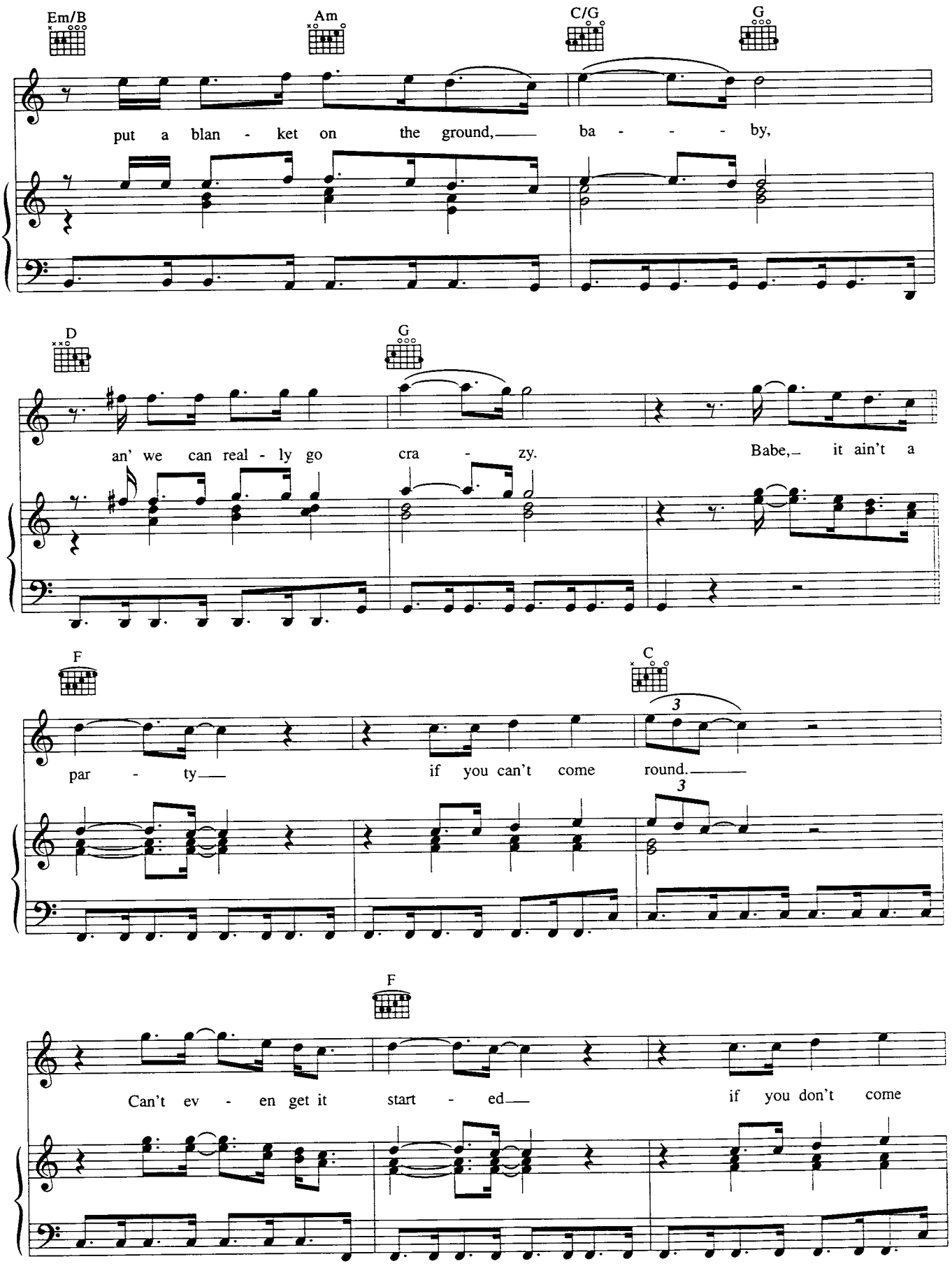
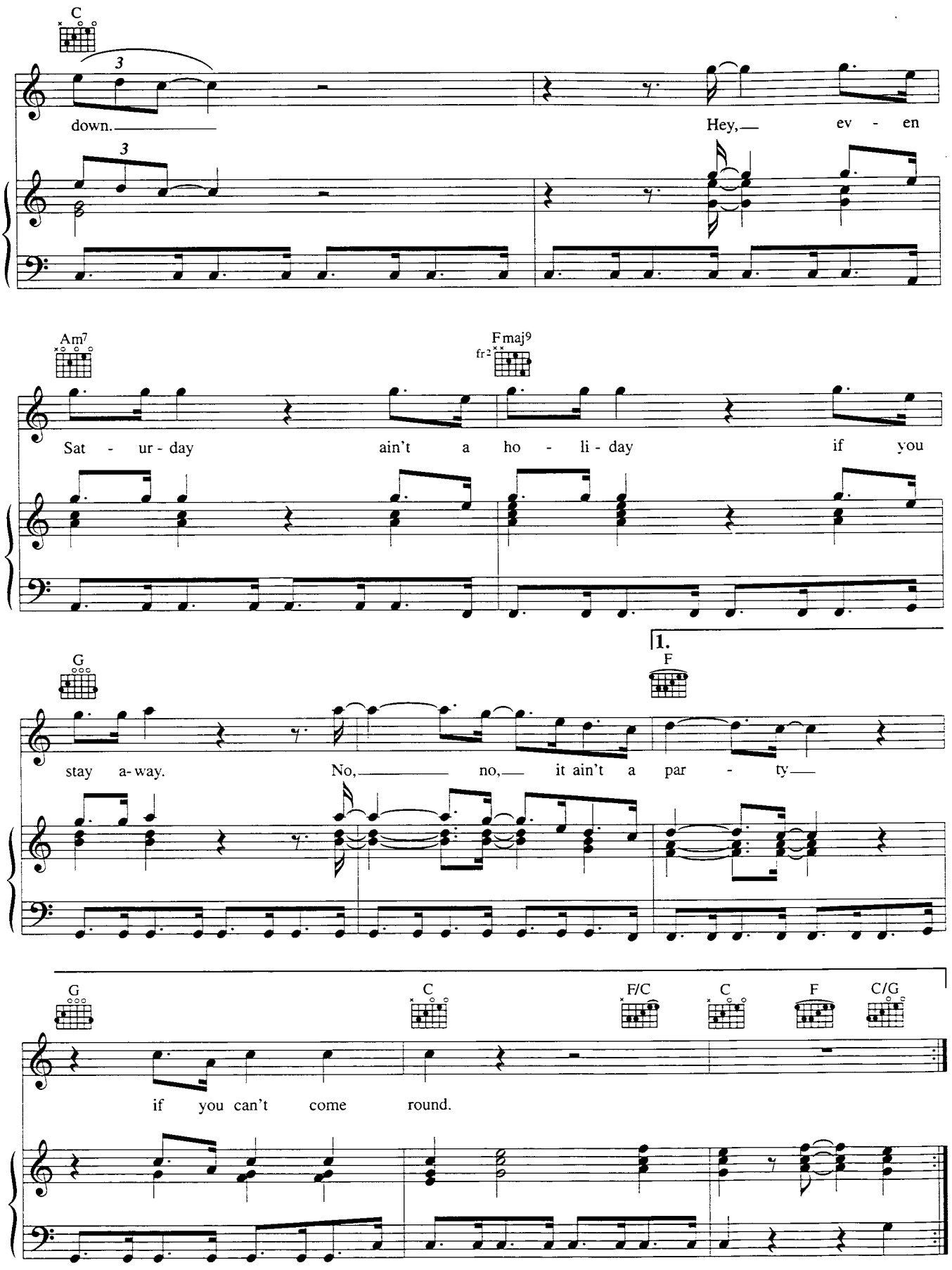
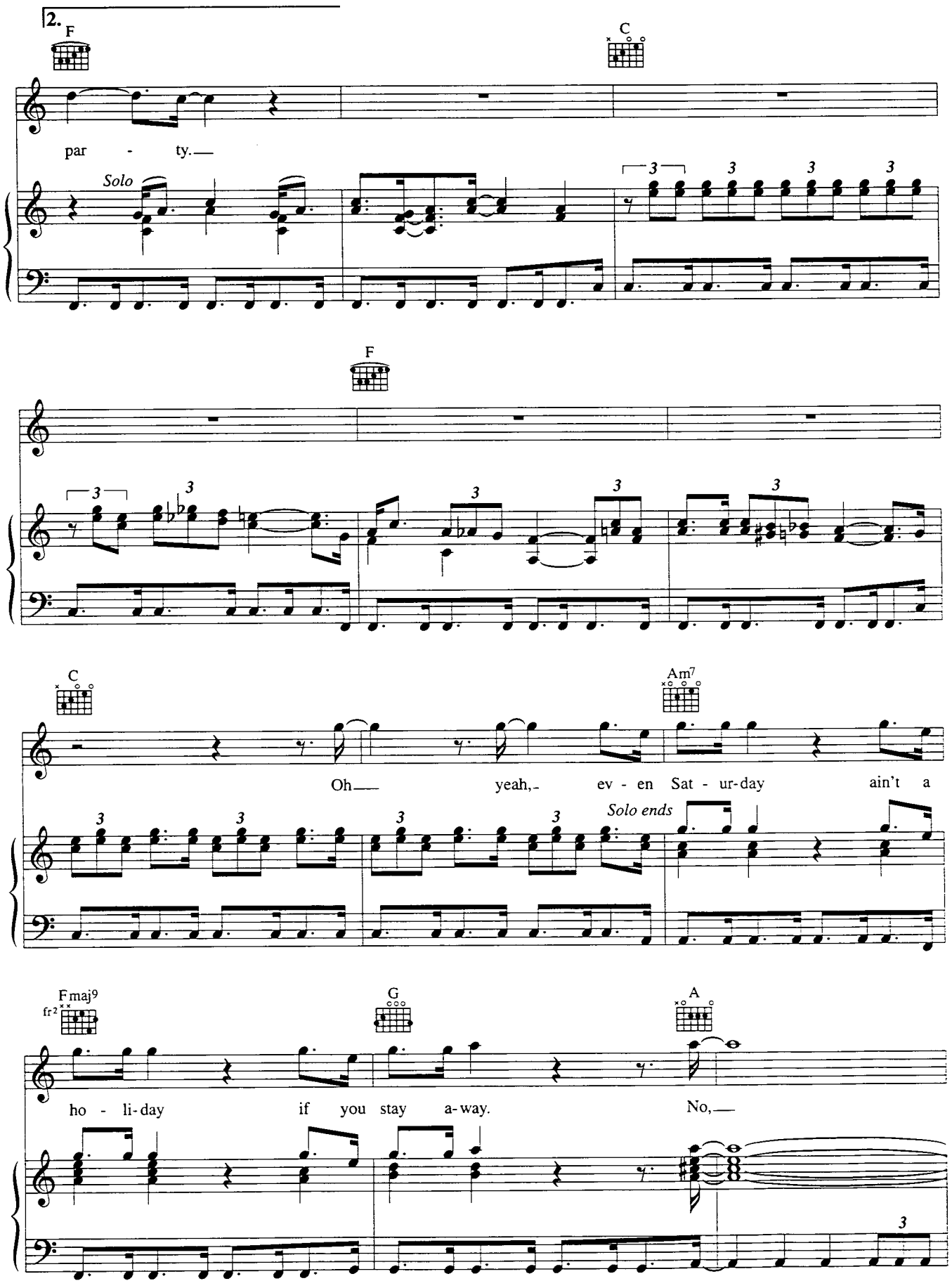
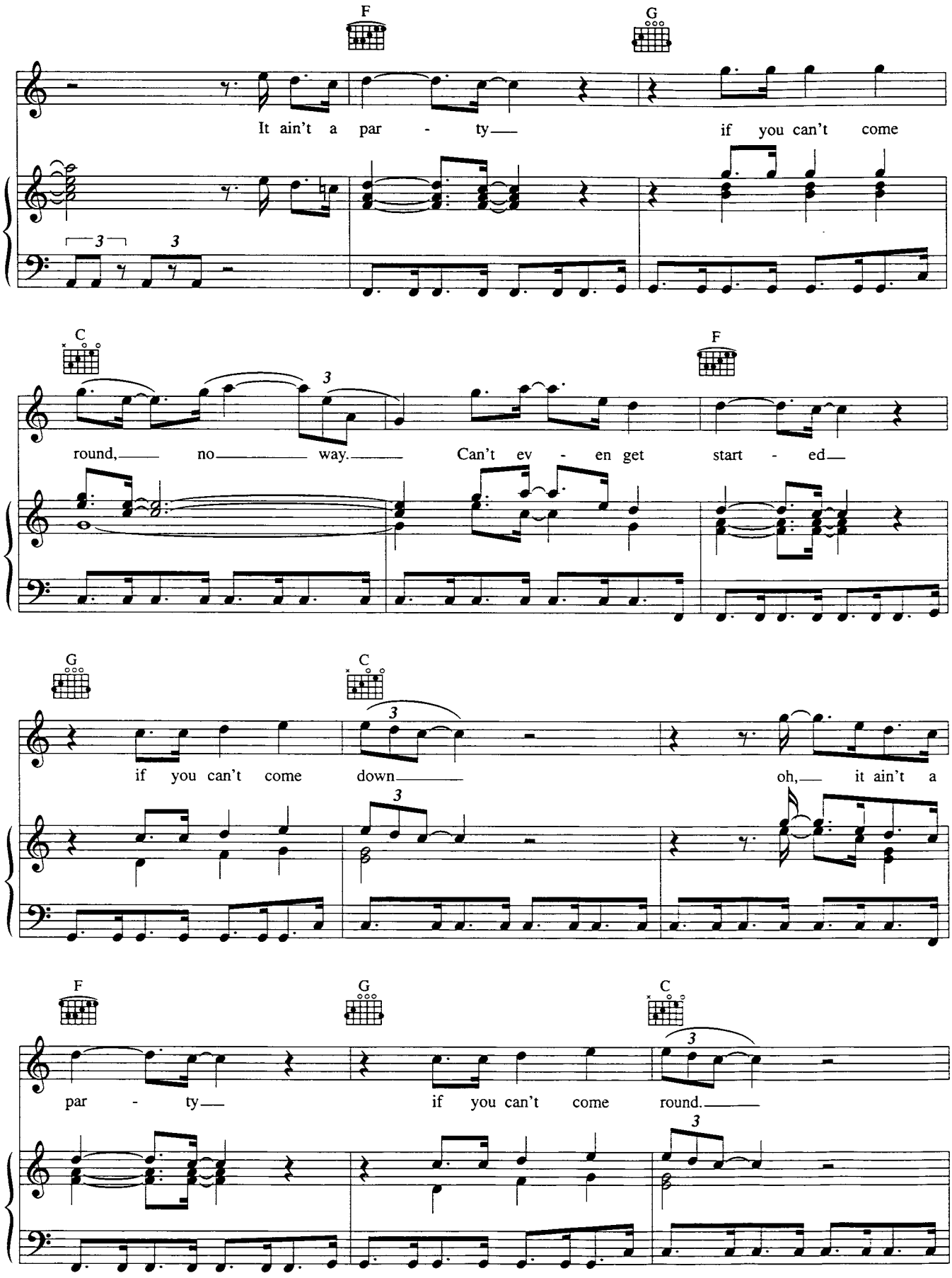
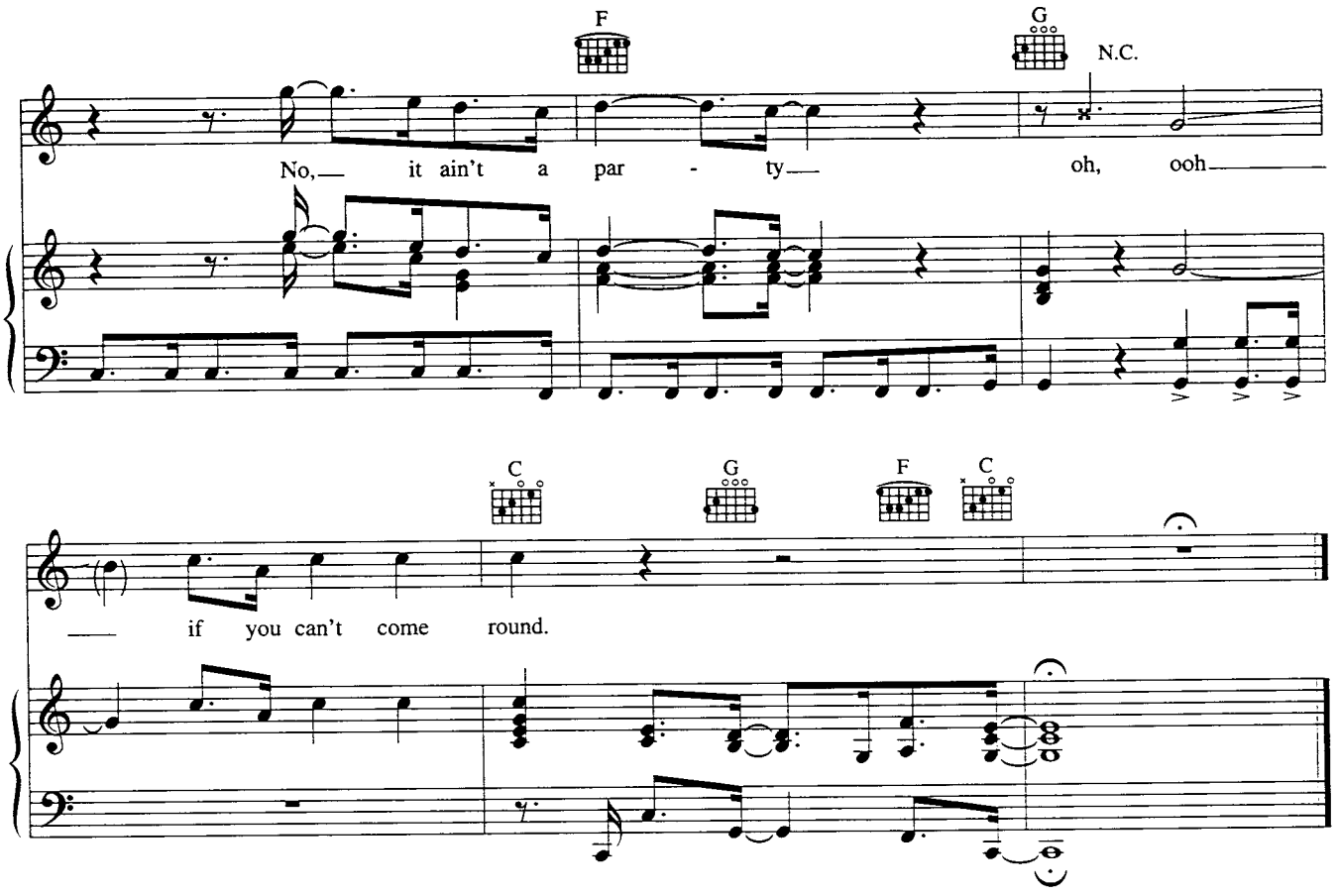

You can drive the car, I'll play my old gui - tar: come back to me,
(Verse 2 see block lyric)
come back to me. An' we can get some beer; yeah, let's get out - ta here.
Em
F
Come back to me, come back to me, we'll find a place to go,
C
no - one will ev - er know; some - where that's out - ta town,


Em/B
Am
C/G
G
put a blan - ket on the ground, ba - - - by,
D
G
an' we can real - ly go cra - zy. Babe, it ain't a
F
C
par - ty if you can't come round.
F
Can't ev - en get it start - ed if you don't come


C
down.
Hey, ev - en
Am7
Fmaj9
fr2
Sat - ur - day ain't a ho - li - day if you
G
1.
F
stay a-way. No, no, it ain't a par - ty
G
C
F/C
C
F
C/G
if you can't come round.


2.
F
C
par - ty.—
Solo
F
C
Am7
Oh— yeah,- ev - en Sat - ur-day ain't a
Solo ends
Fmaj9
fr2
G
A
ho - li-day if you stay a-way. No,—


F
G
It ain't a par - ty if you can't come
C
F
round, no way. Can't ev - en get start - ed
G
C
if you can't come down oh, it ain't a
F
G
C
par - ty if you can't come round.

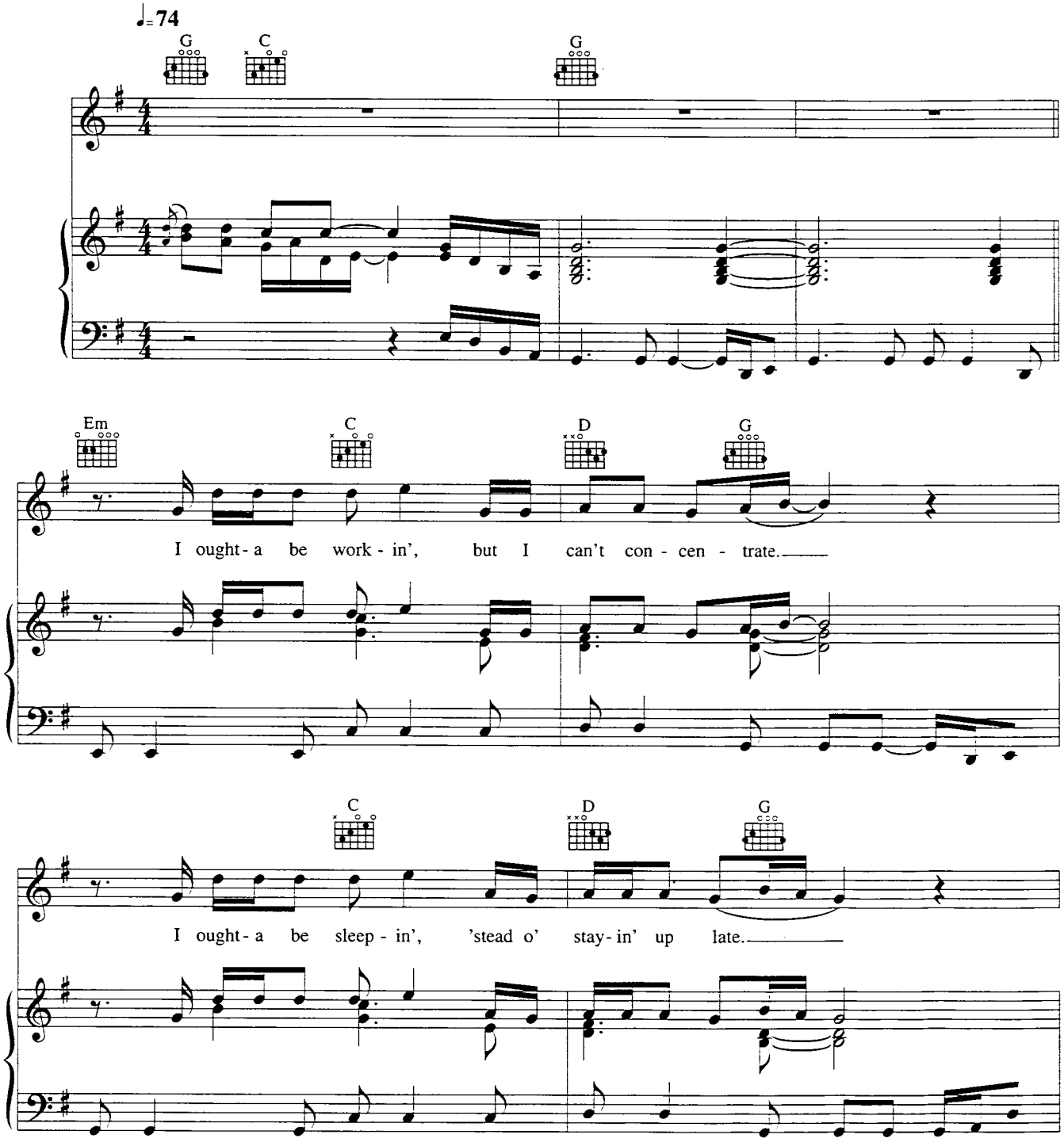


Verse 2:
Slip into something tight,
We'll slip into the night.
Come back to me, come back to me.
We'll see the sun go down
An' maybe fool around.
Come back to me, come back to me.
Yeah, we can start a fire;
Maybe get a little higher.
Don't worry what to bring,
'Cos we've got everything, baby;
And we can really go crazy.

Babe, it ain't a party *etc.*

I Think About You

Words & Music by Bryan Adams & Gretchen Peters



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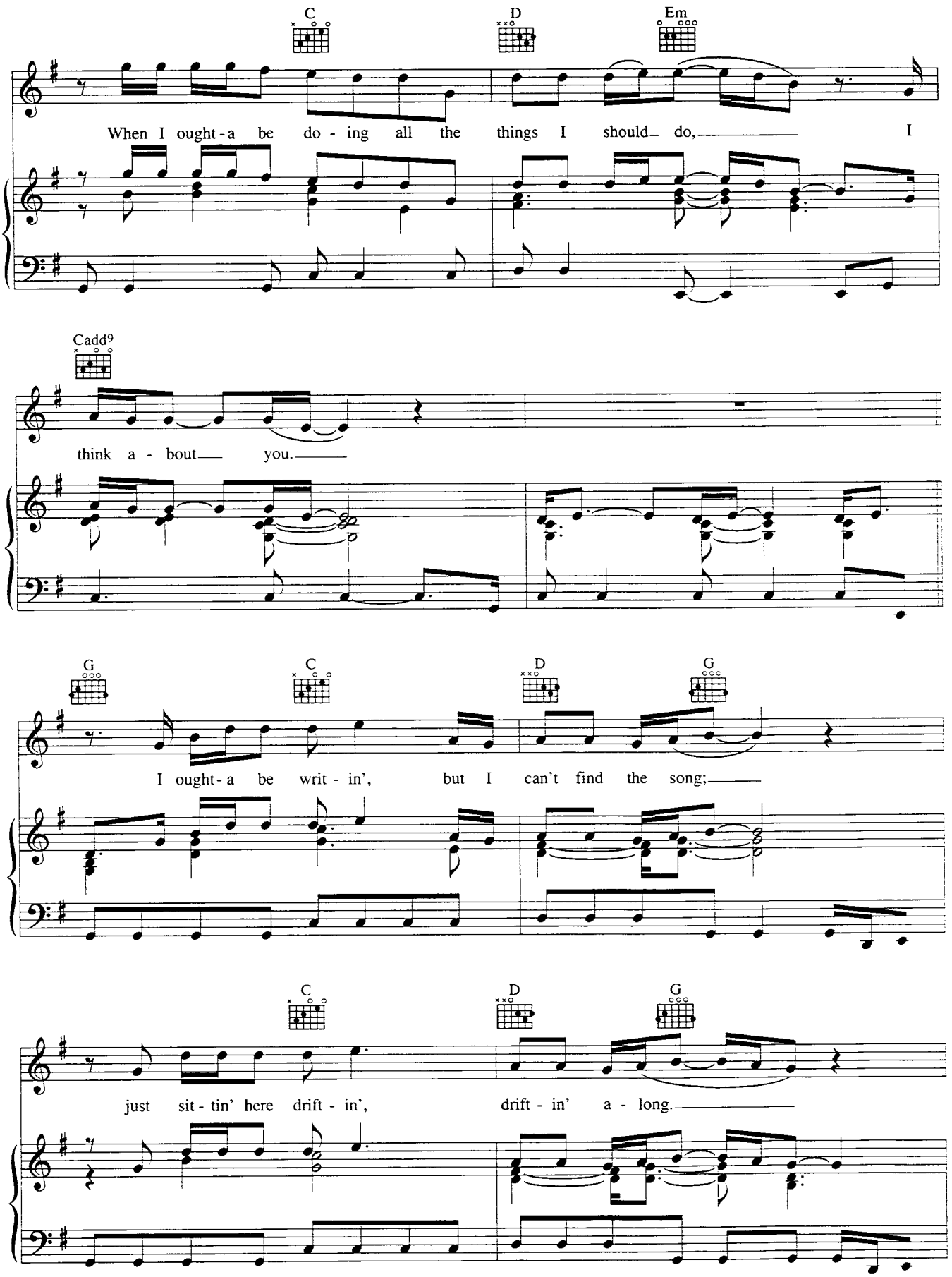
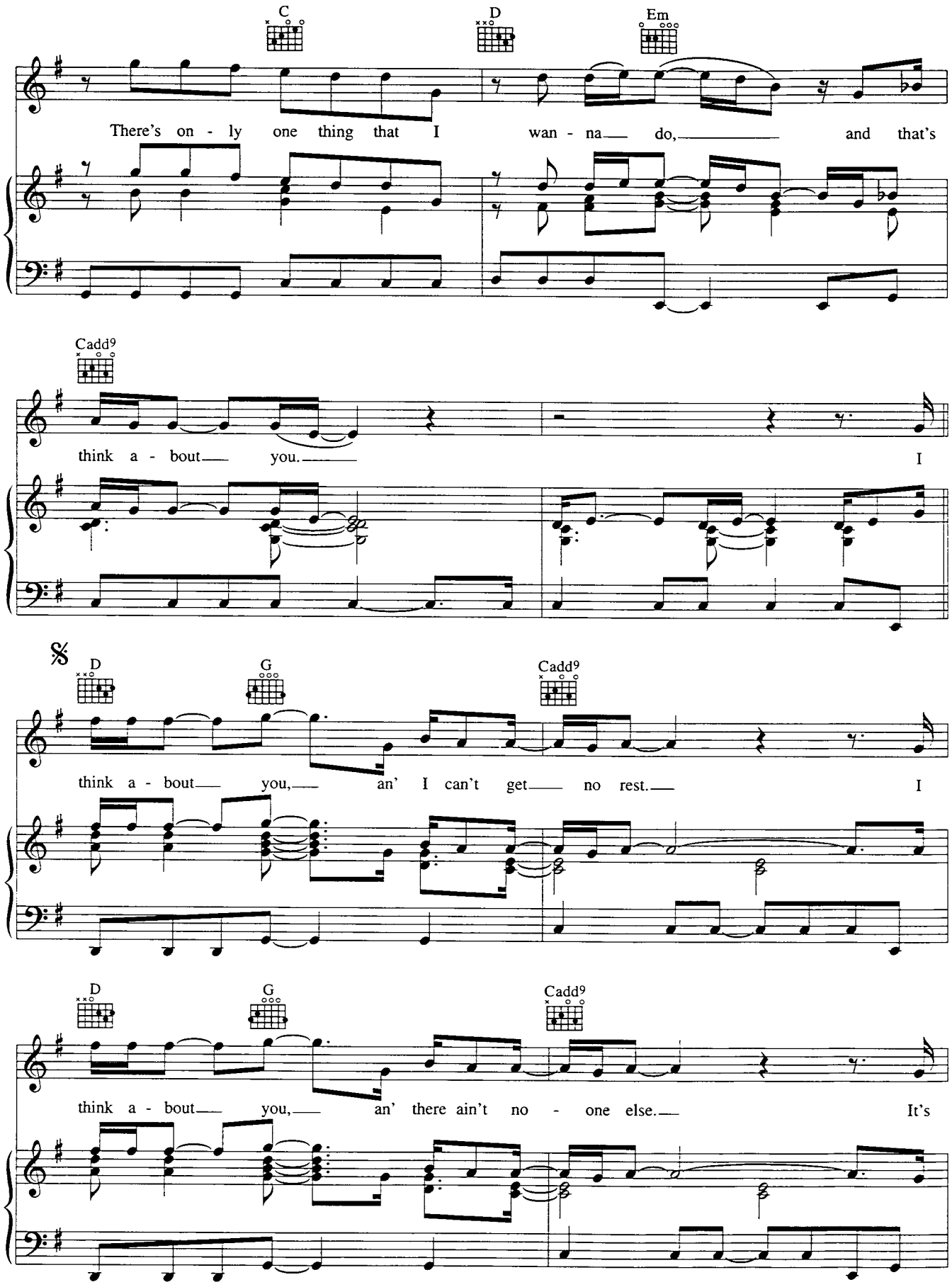
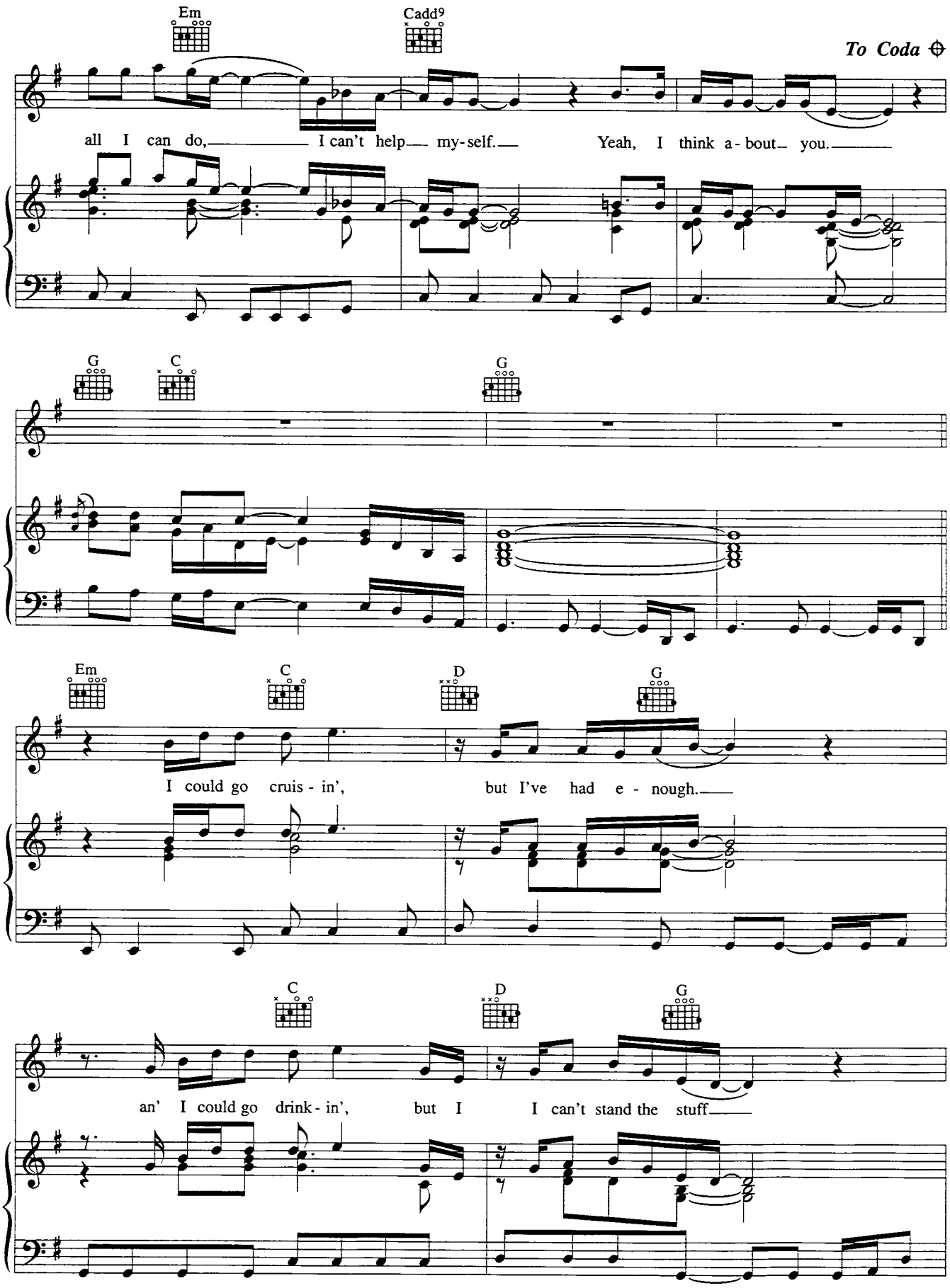
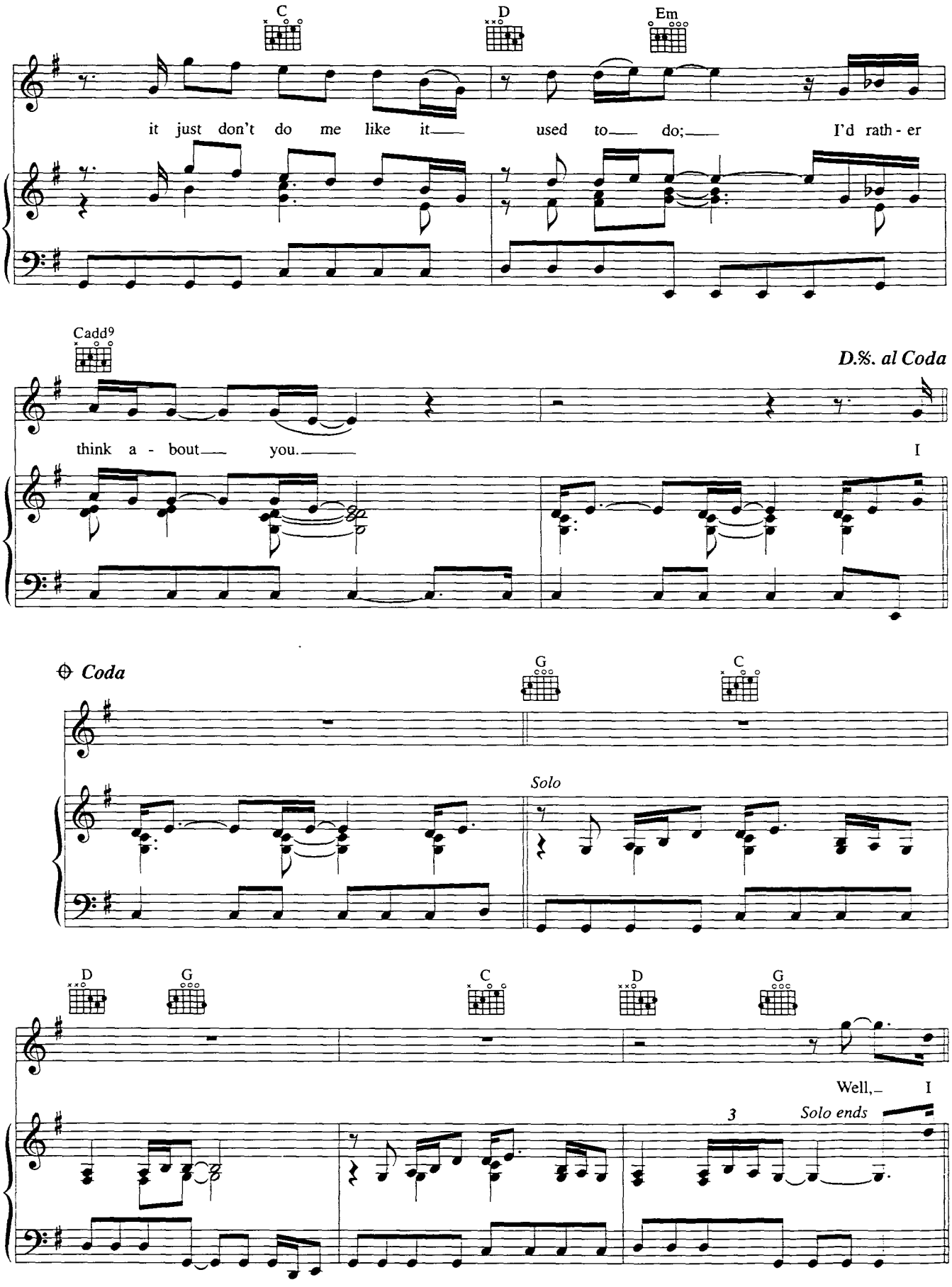
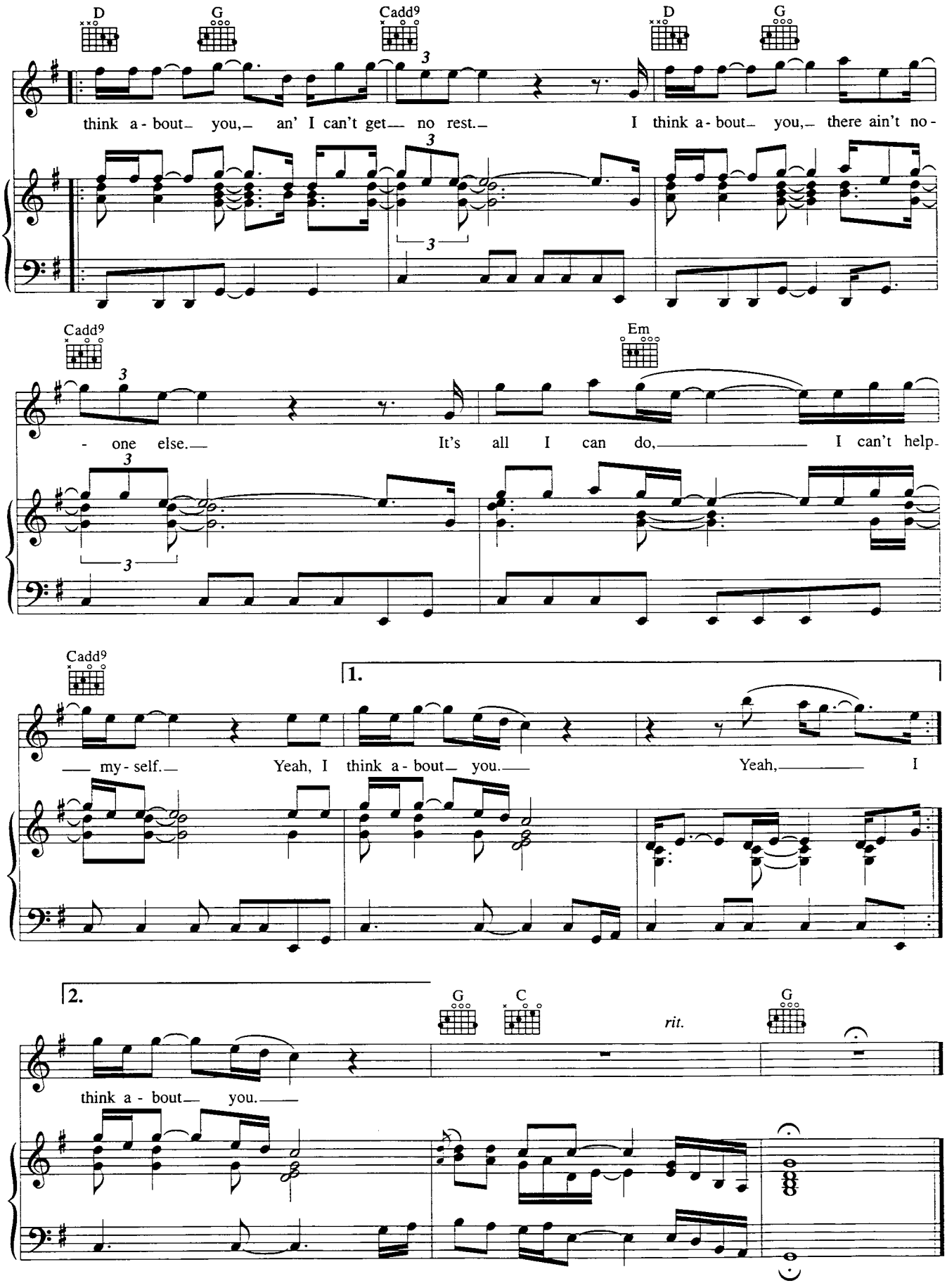

C
D
Em
When I ought-a be do - ing all the things I should do, I
Cadd9
think a - bout you.
G
C
D
G
I ought-a be writ - in', but I can't find the song;
C
D
G
just sit - tin' here drift - in', drift - in' a - long.


C
D
Em
There's on - ly one thing that I wan - na do, and that's
Cadd9
think a - bout you. I
D
G
Cadd9
think a - bout you, an' I can't get no rest. I
D
G
Cadd9
think a - bout you, an' there ain't no - one else. It's

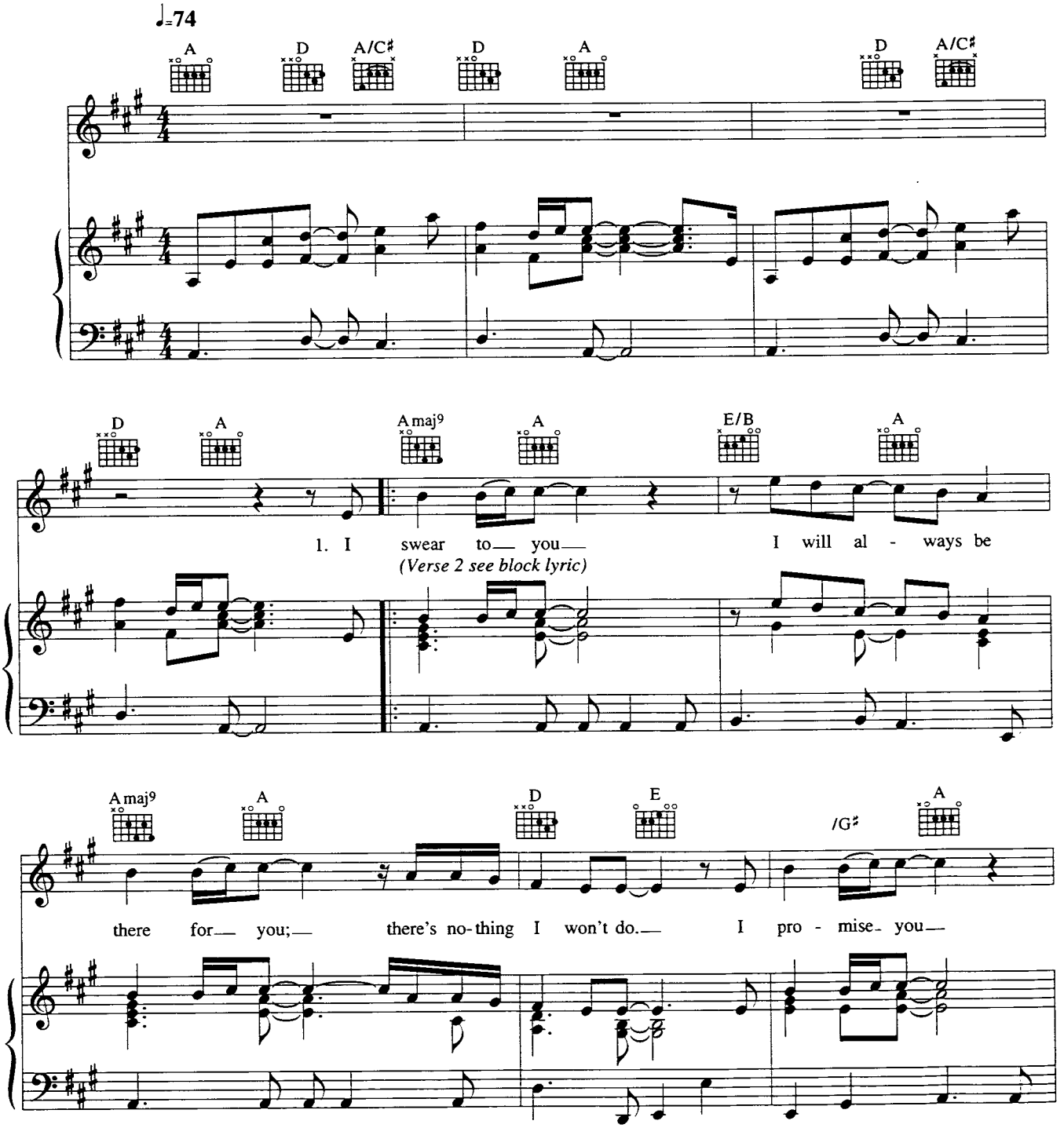

Em
Cadd9
To Coda
all I can do, I can't help my-self. Yeah, I think a-bout you.
G
C
G
Em
C
D
G
I could go cruis-in', but I've had e-nough.
C
D
G
an' I could go drink-in', but I I can't stand the stuff


C
D
Em
it just don't do me like it used to do; I'd rath - er
Cadd9
D.%. al Coda
think a - bout you. I
Coda
G
C
Solo
D
G
C
D
G
Well, I
3
Solo ends


D
G
Cadd9
D
G
think a - bout you, an' I can't get no rest.
I think a - bout you, there ain't no -
Cadd9
Em
- one else.
It's all I can do,
I can't help -
Cadd9
1.
my - self.
Yeah, I think a - bout you.
Yeah,
I
2.
G
C
rit.
G
think a - bout you.

I'll Always Be Right There

Words & Music by Bryan Adams, Robert John "Mutt" Lange & Michael Kamen



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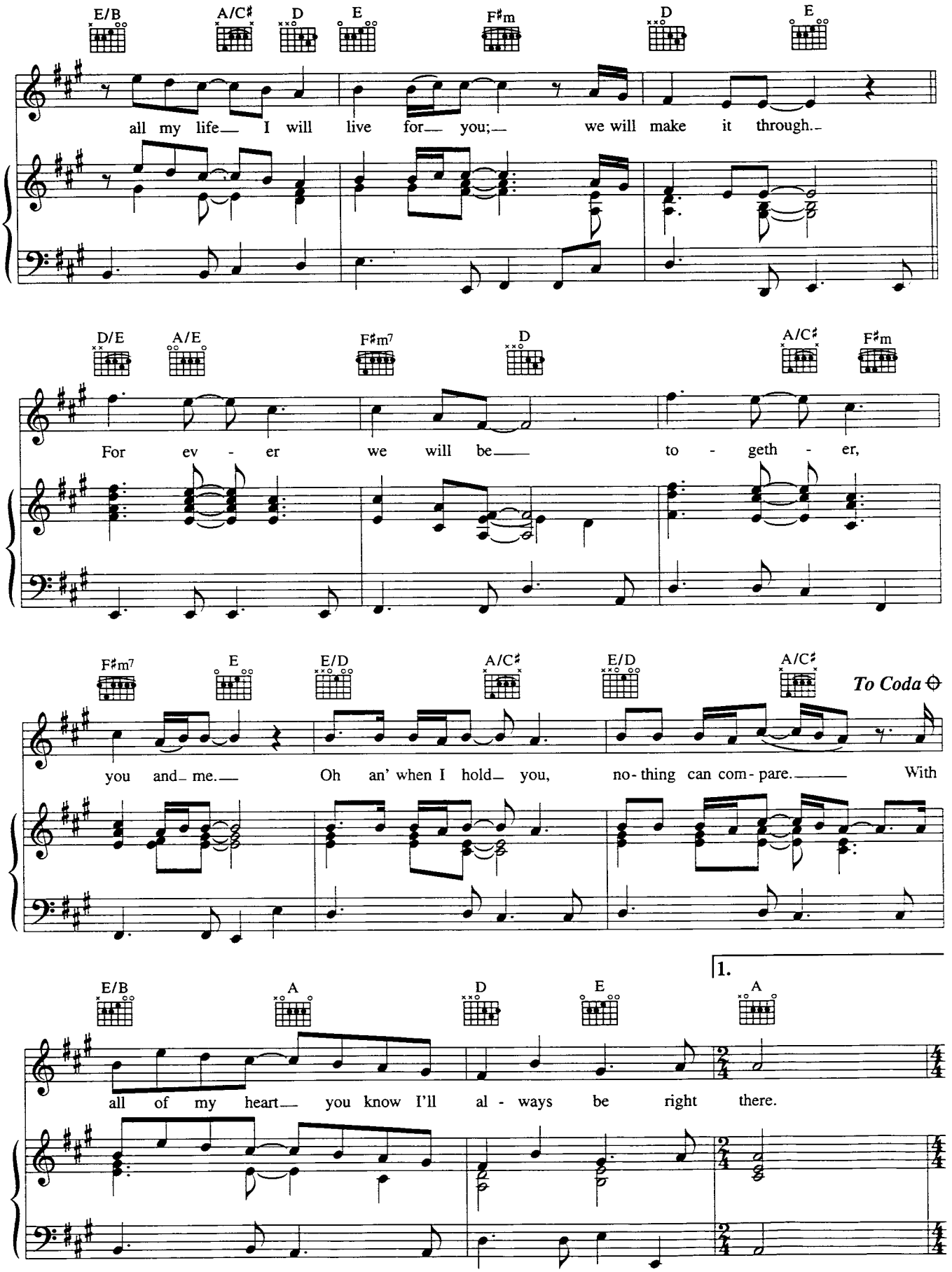
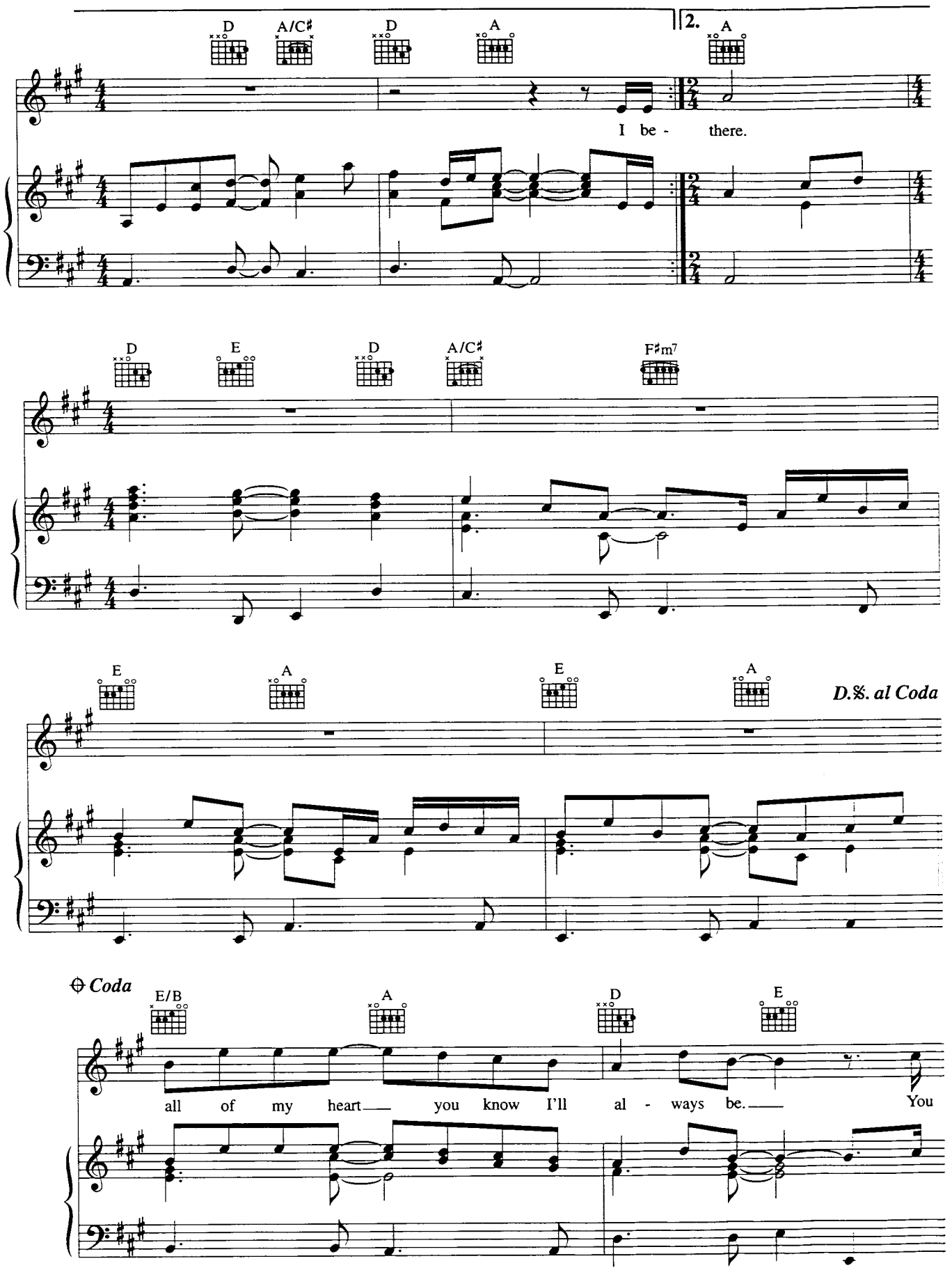
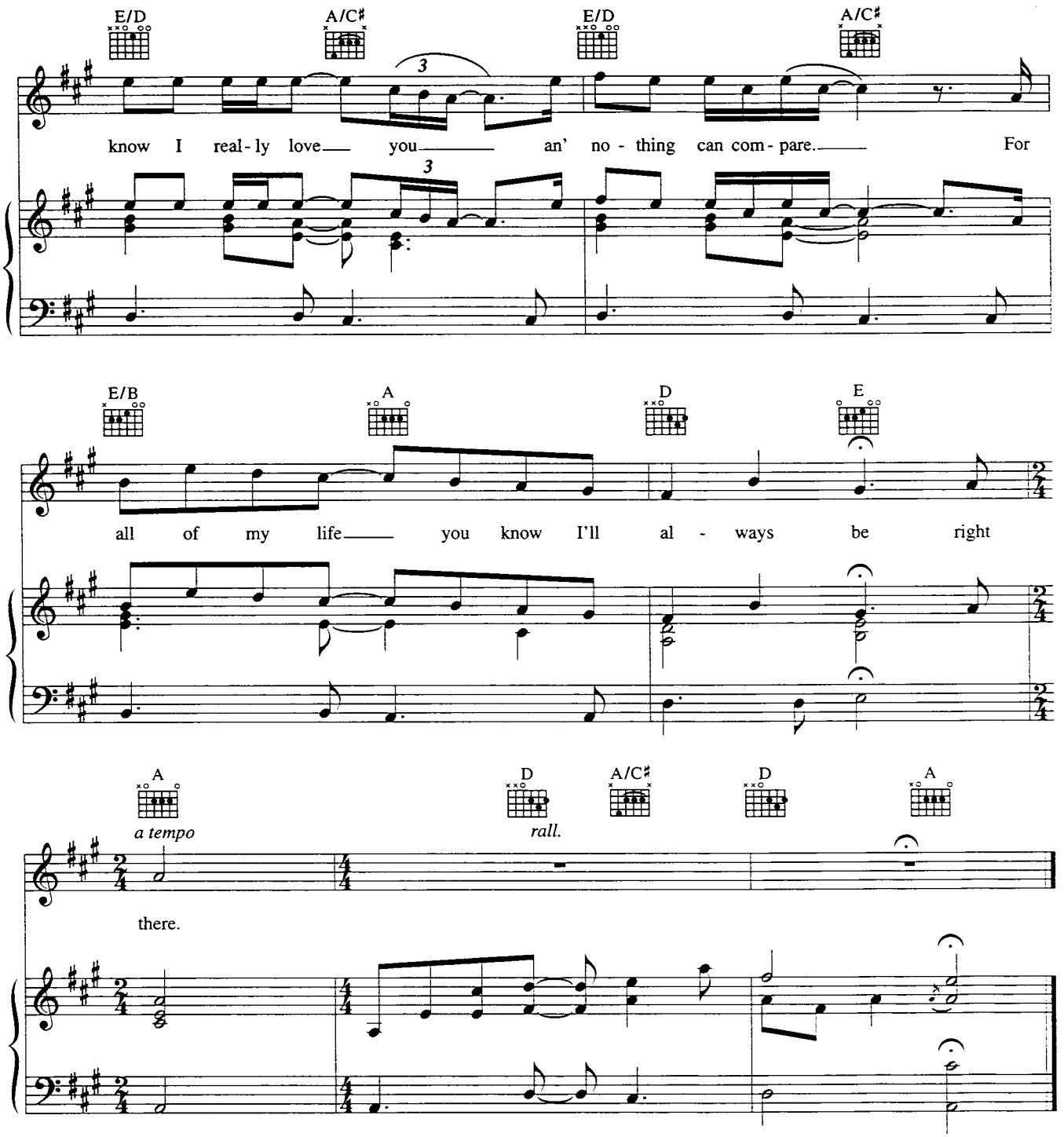

E/B
A/C♯
D
E
F♯m
D
E
all my life— I will live for— you;— we will make it through.–
D/E
A/E
F♯m7
D
A/C♯
F♯m
For ev - er we will be— to - geth - er,
F♯m7
E
E/D
A/C♯
E/D
A/C♯
To Coda
you and– me.— Oh an' when I hold– you, no- thing can com- pare.— With
1.
E/B
A
D
E
A
all of my heart— you know I'll al - ways be right there.

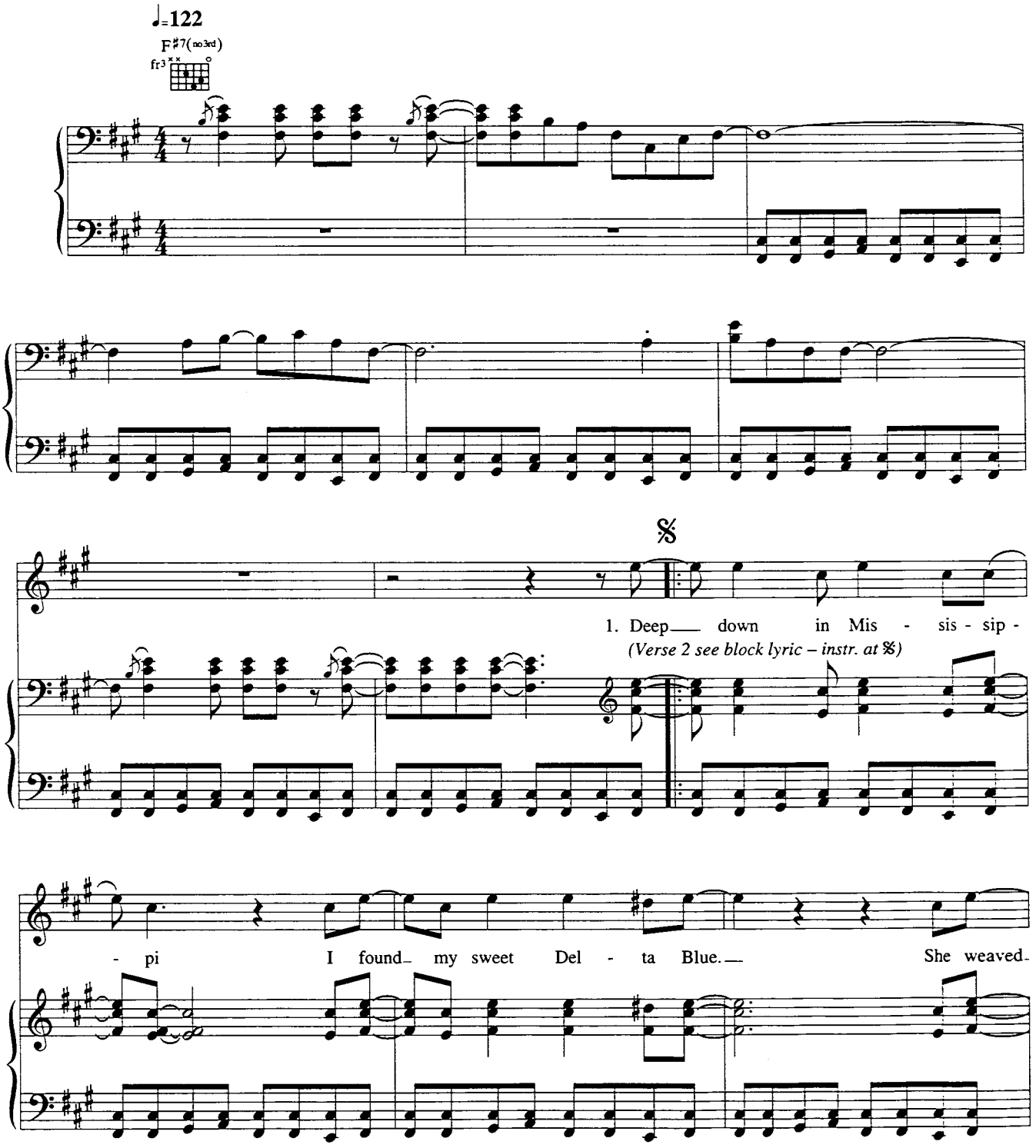

D
A/C♯
D
A
2.
A
I be - there.
D
E
D
A/C♯
F♯m7
E
A
E
A
D.S. al Coda
Coda
E/B
A
D
E
all of my heart you know I'll al - ways be. You



Verse 2:
I believe in us,
Nothing else could ever mean so much;
You're the one I trust.
Our time has come;
We're not two people now, we are one.
Yeah, you're second to none.

Black Pearl

Words & Music by Bryan Adams & Robert John "Mutt" Lange



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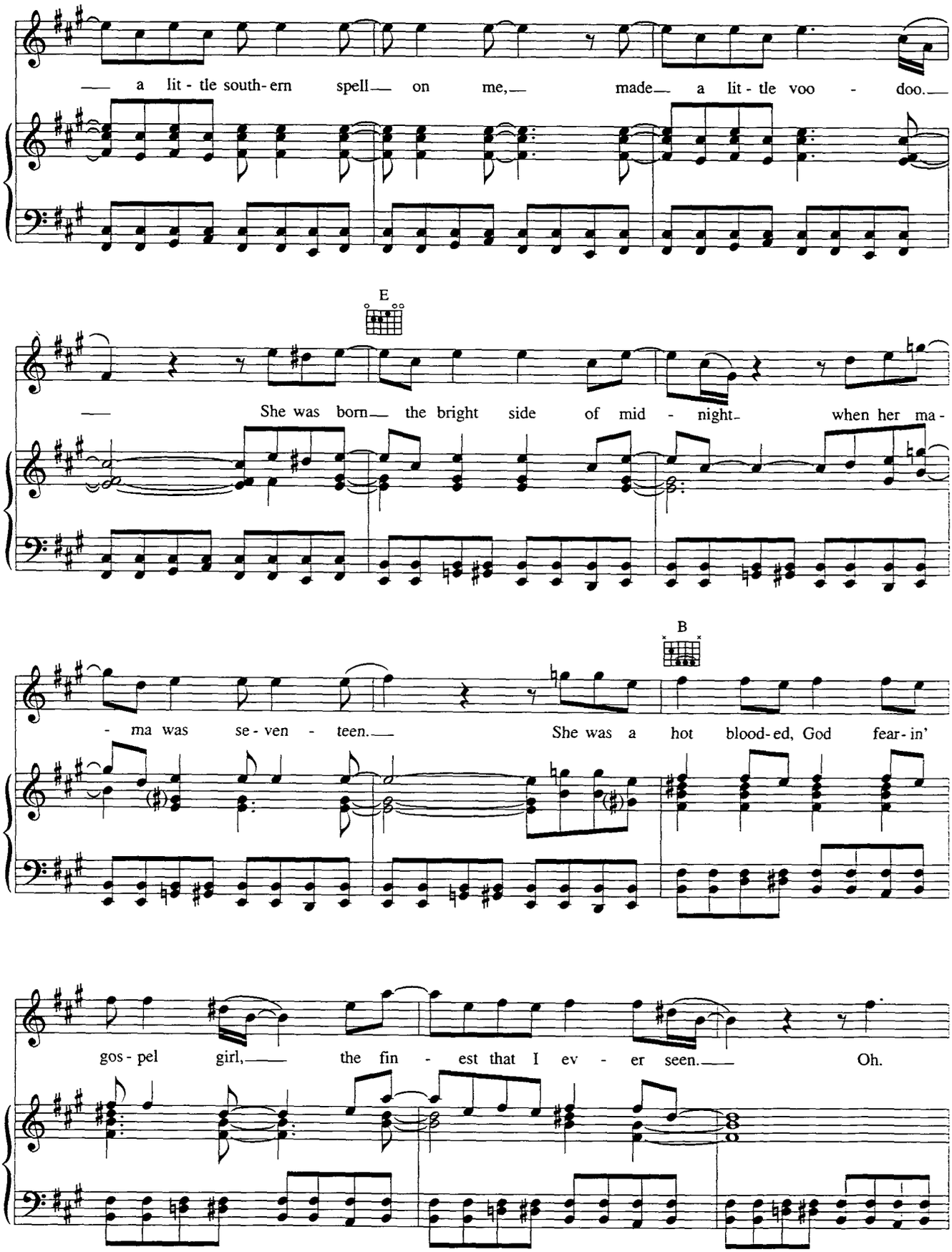
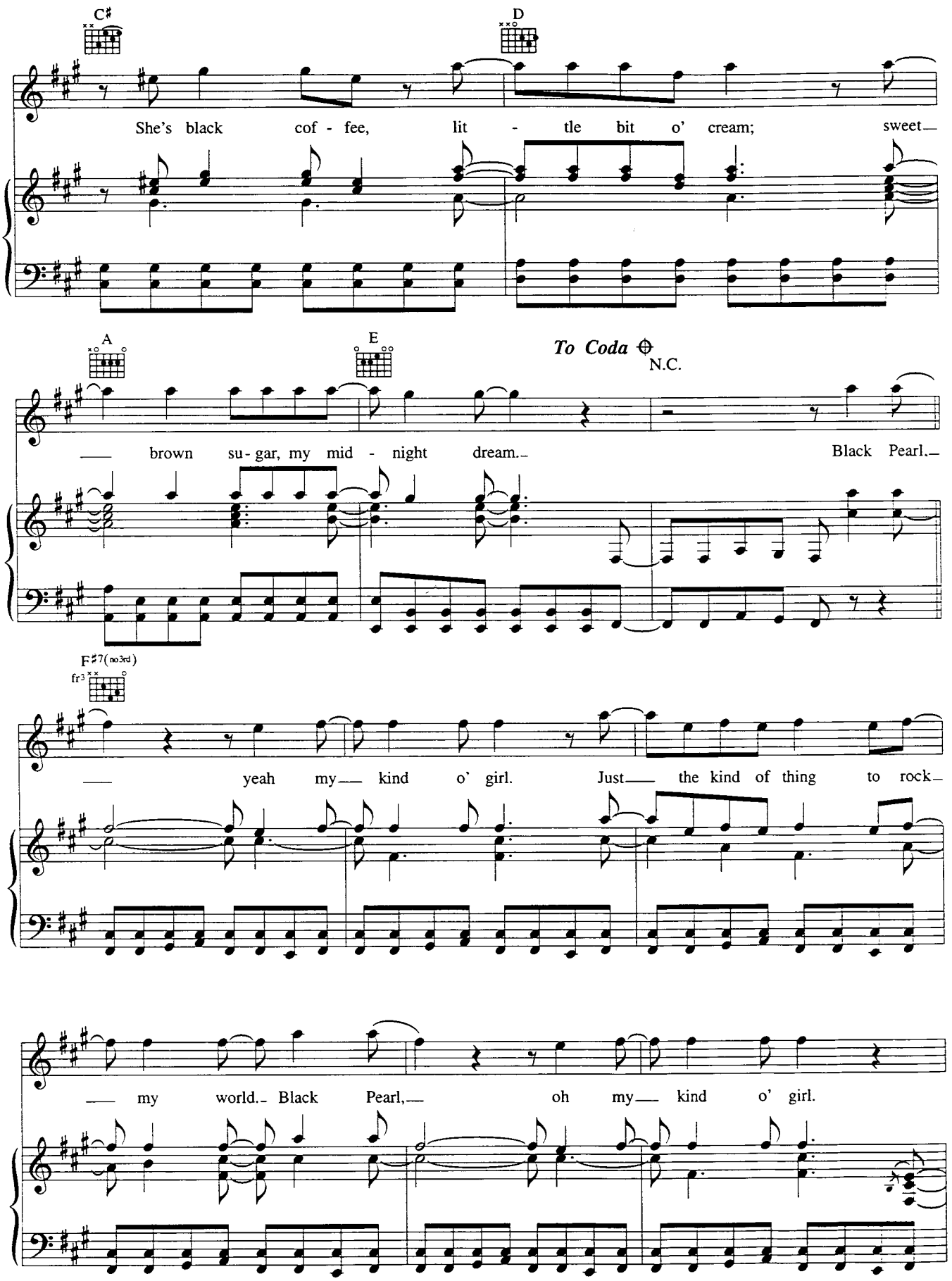
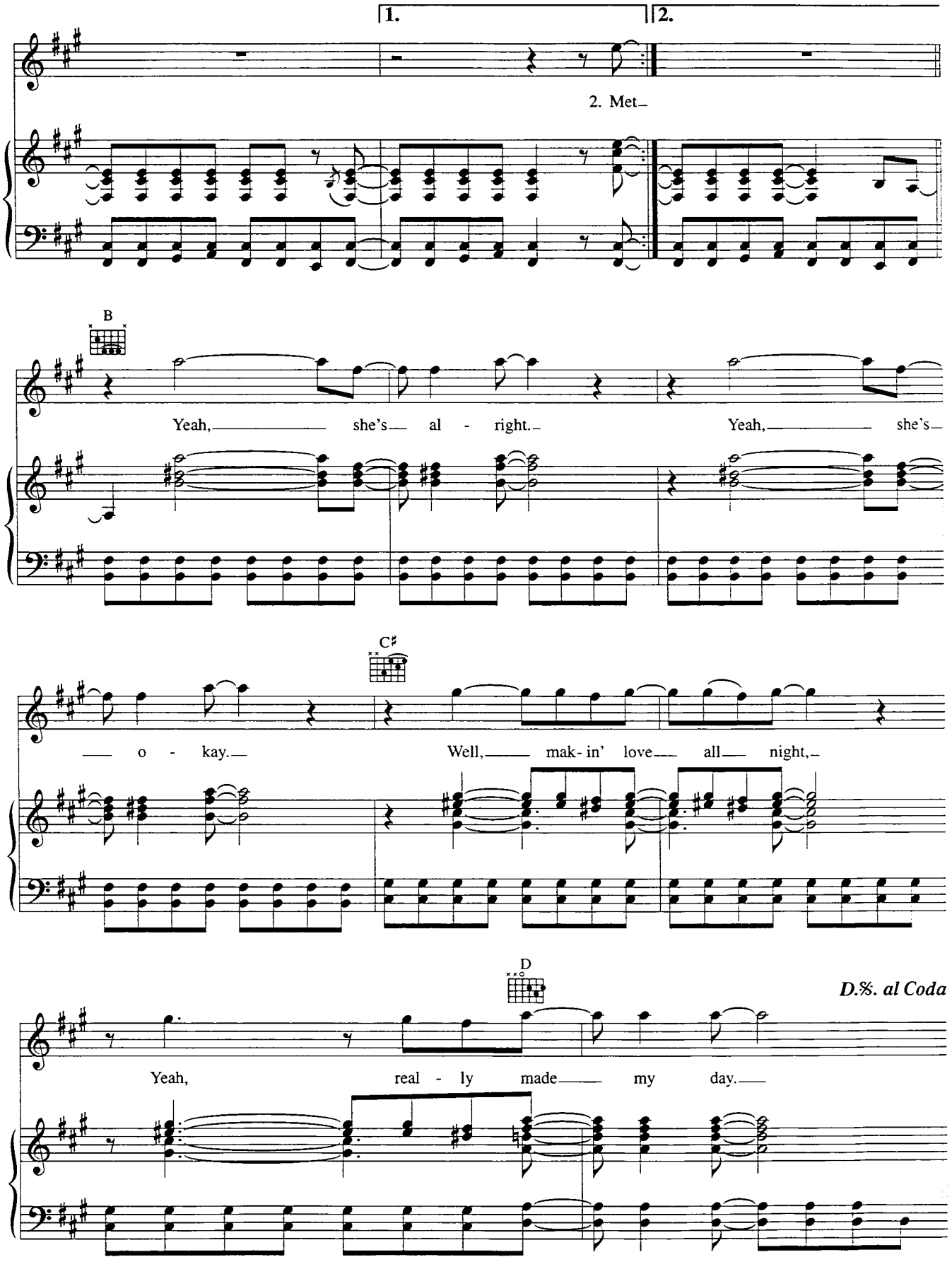
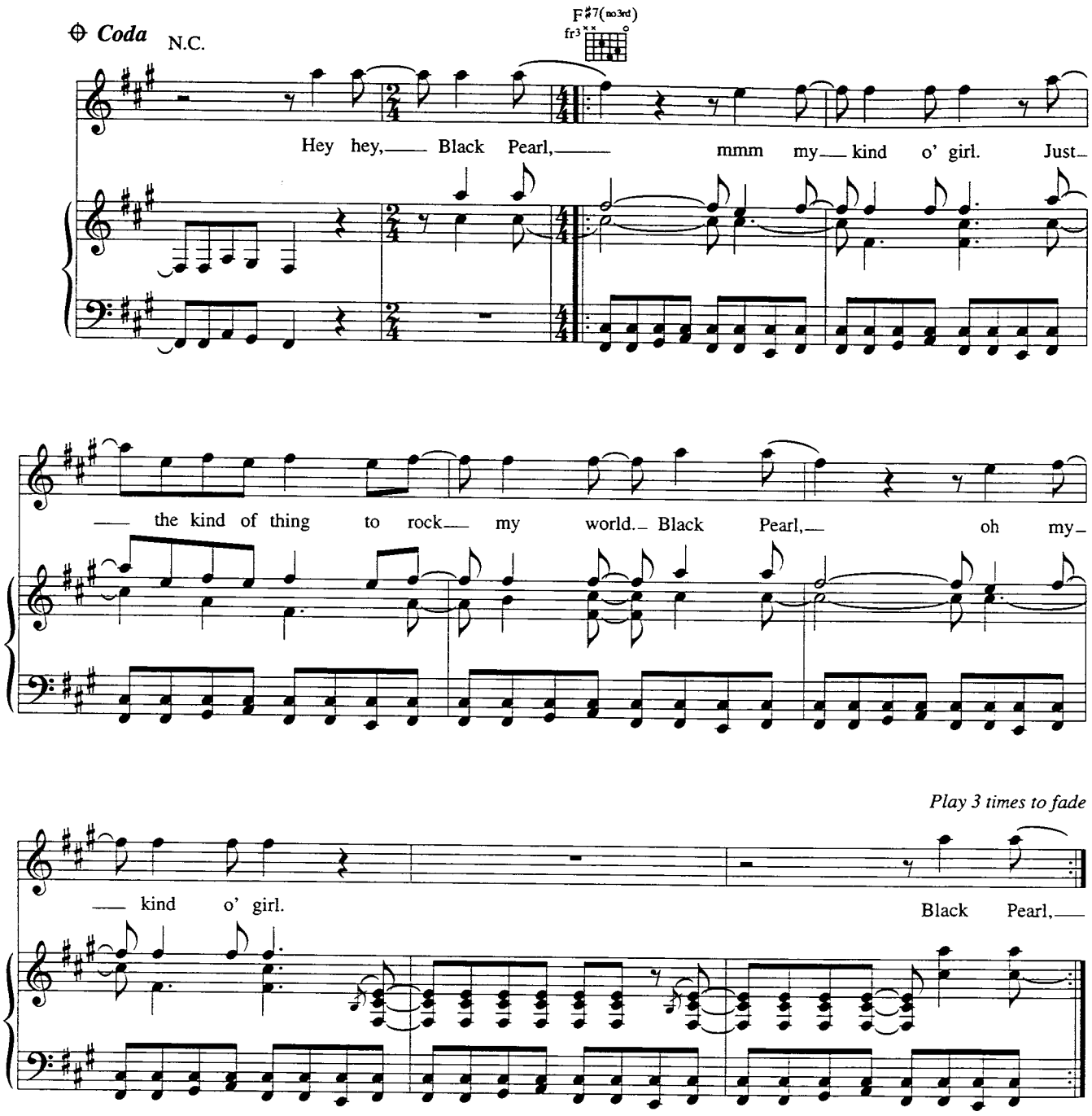

a lit - tle south - ern spell on me, made a lit - tle voo - doo.
E
She was born the bright side of mid - night when her ma -
- ma was se - ven - teen.
B
She was a hot blood - ed, God fear - in'
gos - pel girl, the fin - est that I ev - er seen.
Oh.


C♯
D
She's black cof - fee, lit - tle bit o' cream; sweet—
A
E
To Coda
N.C.
— brown su - gar, my mid - night dream.— Black Pearl.—
F♯7(no3rd)
fr3
— yeah my— kind o' girl. Just— the kind of thing to rock—
— my world.— Black Pearl,— oh my— kind o' girl.


1.
2.
2. Met-
B
Yeah, she's al - right.
Yeah, she's
o - kay.
C♯
Well, mak- in' love all night,
D
D.%. al Coda
Yeah, real - ly made my day.

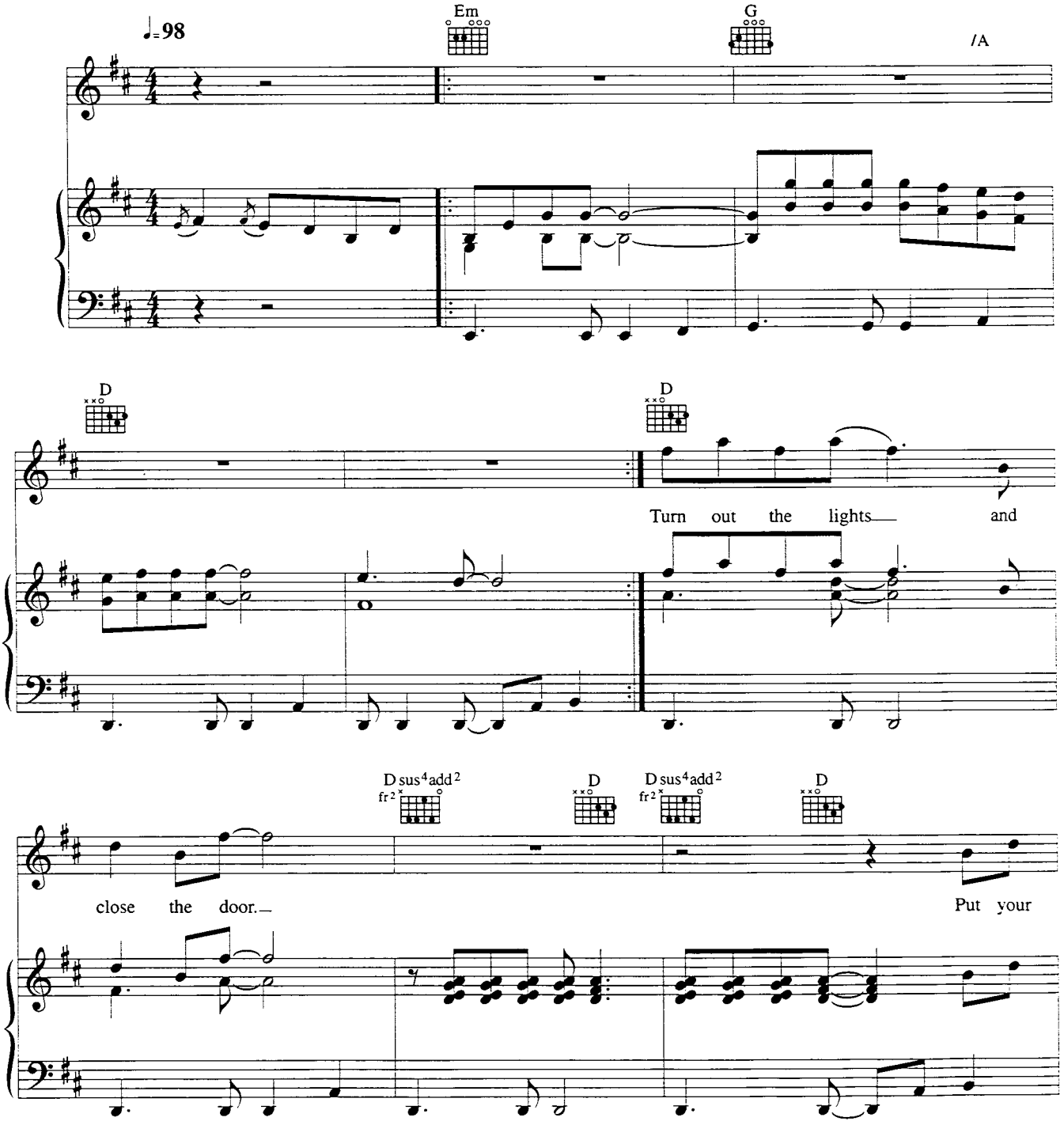


Verse 2:
Met her in a dixie diner,
Put on the southern hospitality.
I can still smell her sweet molasses
Running all over me.
We started rollin' like the river,
Like a twister tearin' through the town.
We were tongue-tied, satisfied an' southern fried,
As she drove this ol' dixie down.

She's black coffee *etc.*

You're Still Beautiful To Me

Words & Music by Bryan Adams & Robert John "Mutt" Lange



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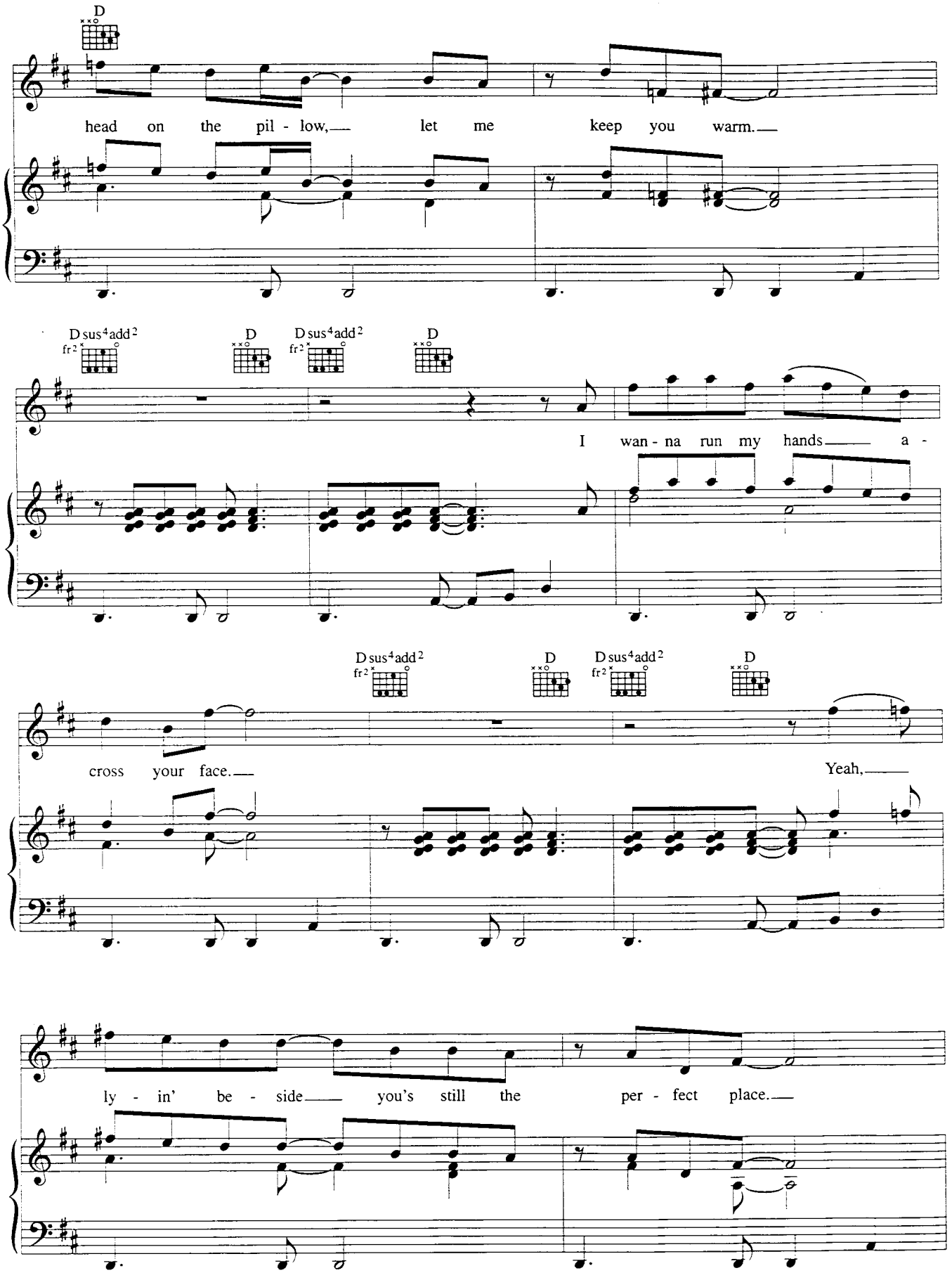
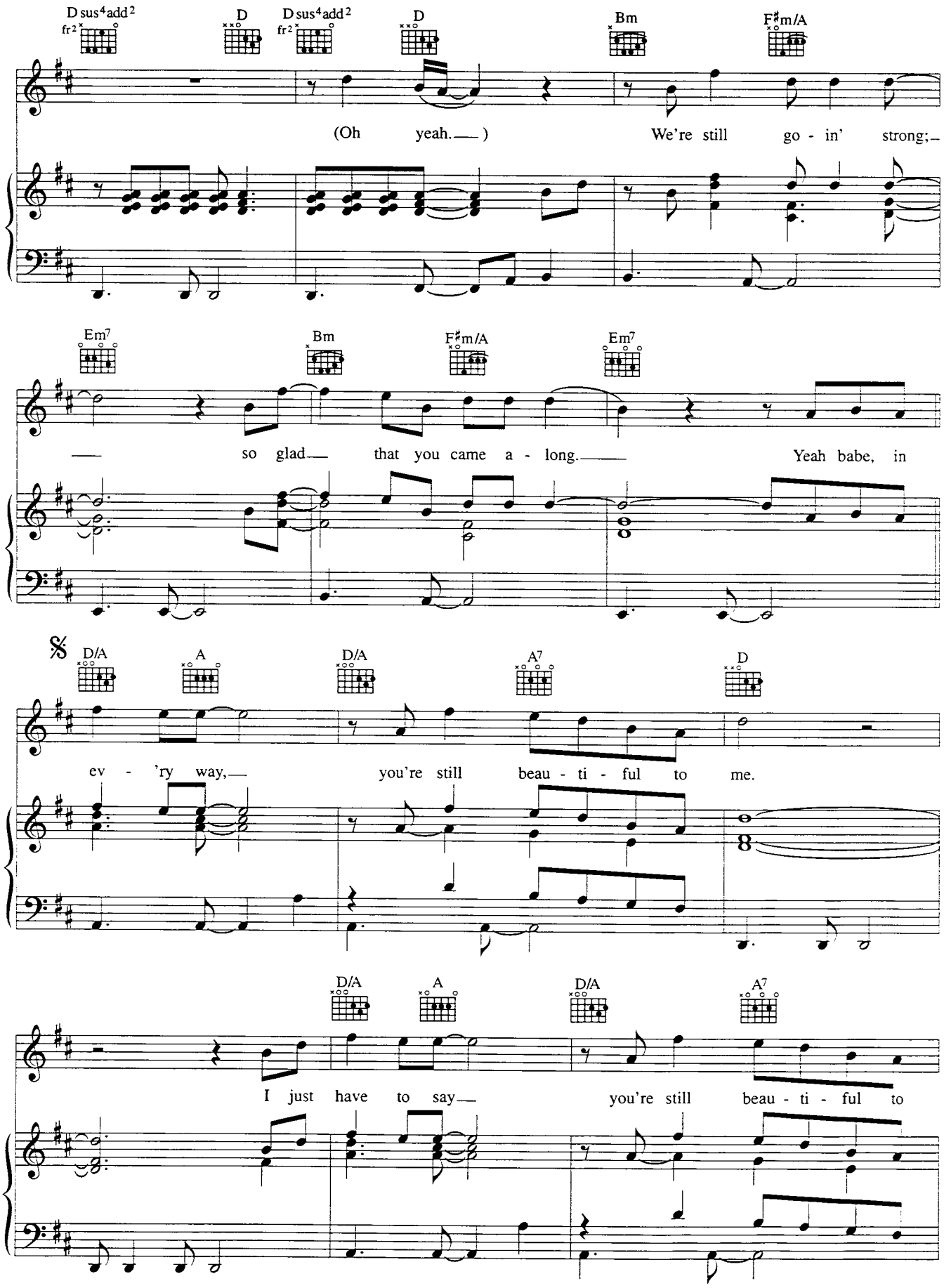
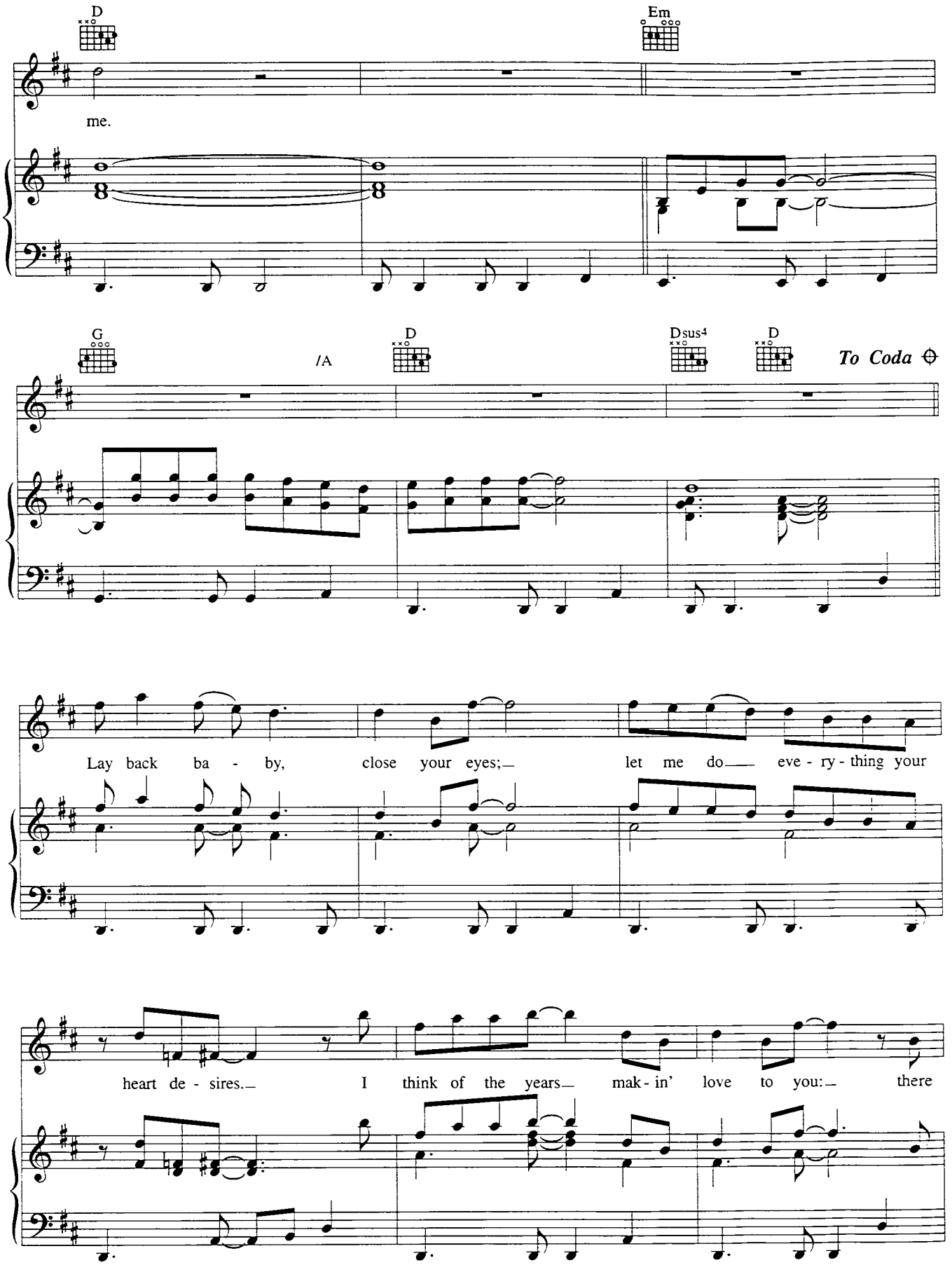
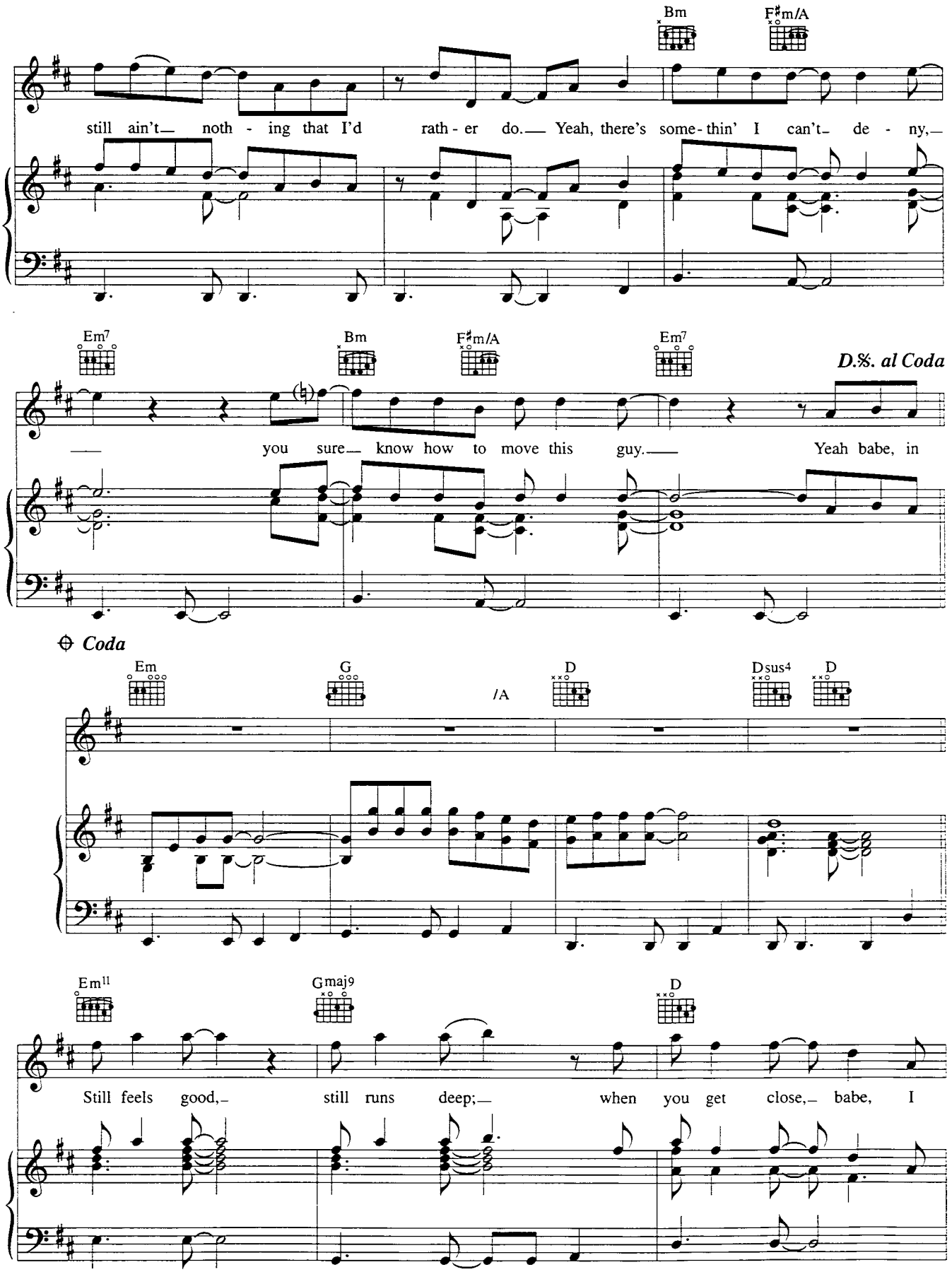
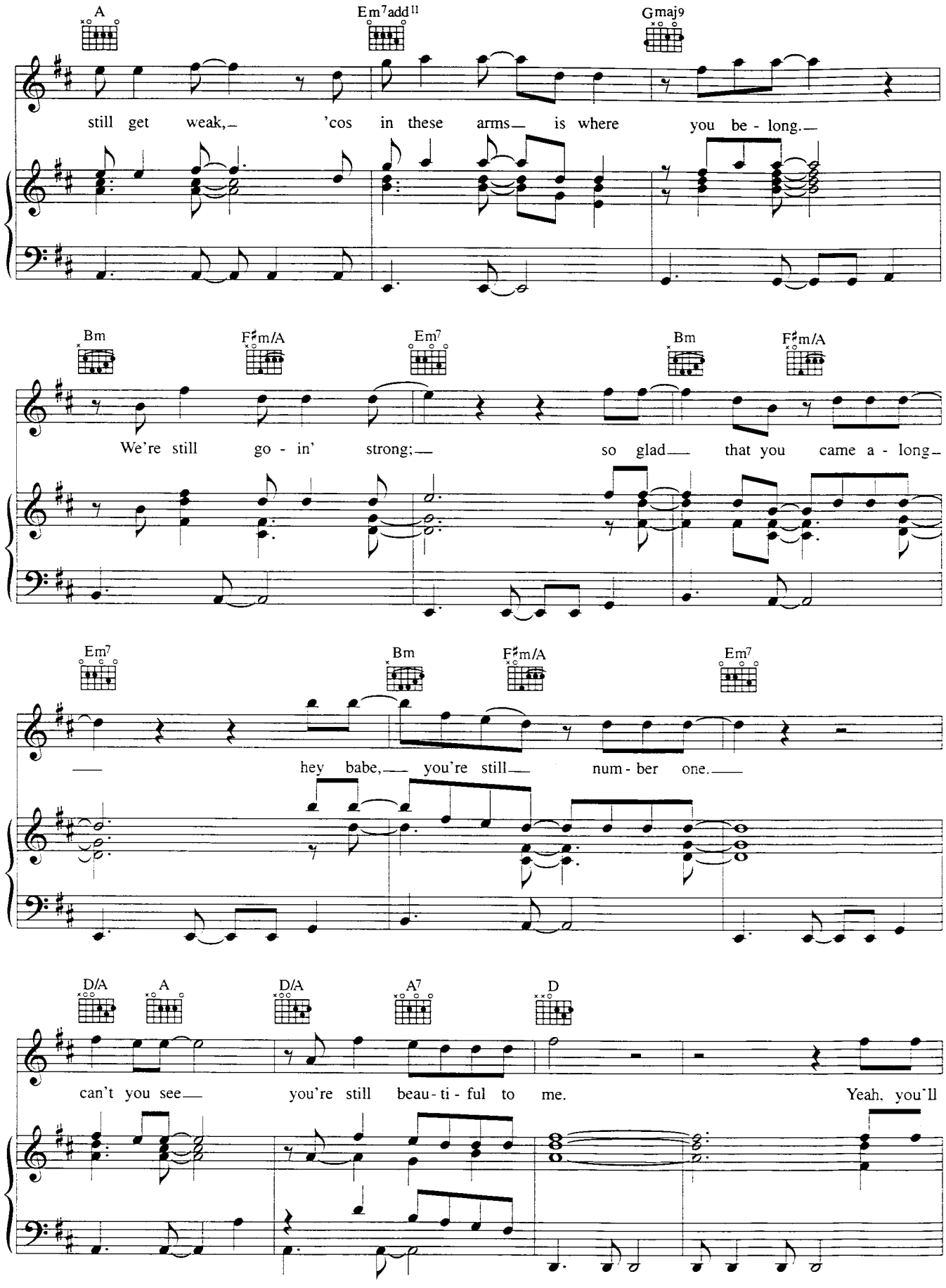
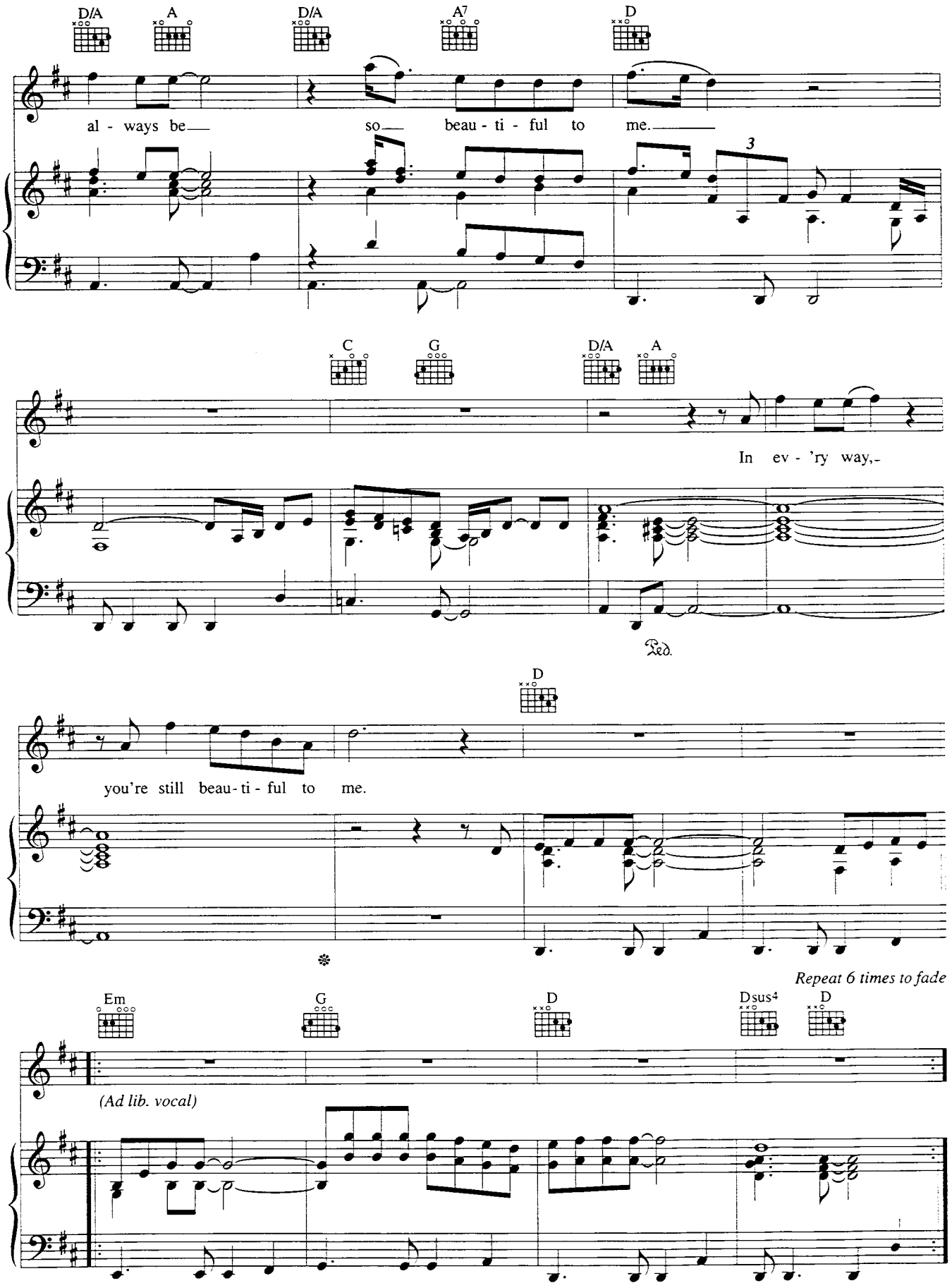

D
head on the pil - low, let me keep you warm.
D sus4 add2
fr2
D
D sus4 add2
fr2
D
I wan - na run my hands a -
D sus4 add2
fr2
D
D sus4 add2
fr2
D
cross your face.
Yeah,
ly - in' be - side you's still the per - fect place.


D sus4 add2
fr2
D
D sus4 add2
fr2
D
Bm
F♯m/A
(Oh yeah.—)
We're still go - in' strong;—
Em7
Bm
F♯m/A
Em7
— so glad— that you came a - long.—
Yeah babe, in
𝄋
D/A
A
D/A
A7
D
ev - 'ry way,—
you're still beau - ti - ful to me.
D/A
A
D/A
A7
I just have to say—
you're still beau - ti - ful to


D
Em
me.
G
/A
D
Dsus4
D
To Coda
Lay back ba - by, close your eyes; let me do eve - ry - thing your
heart de - sires. I think of the years mak - in' love to you: there

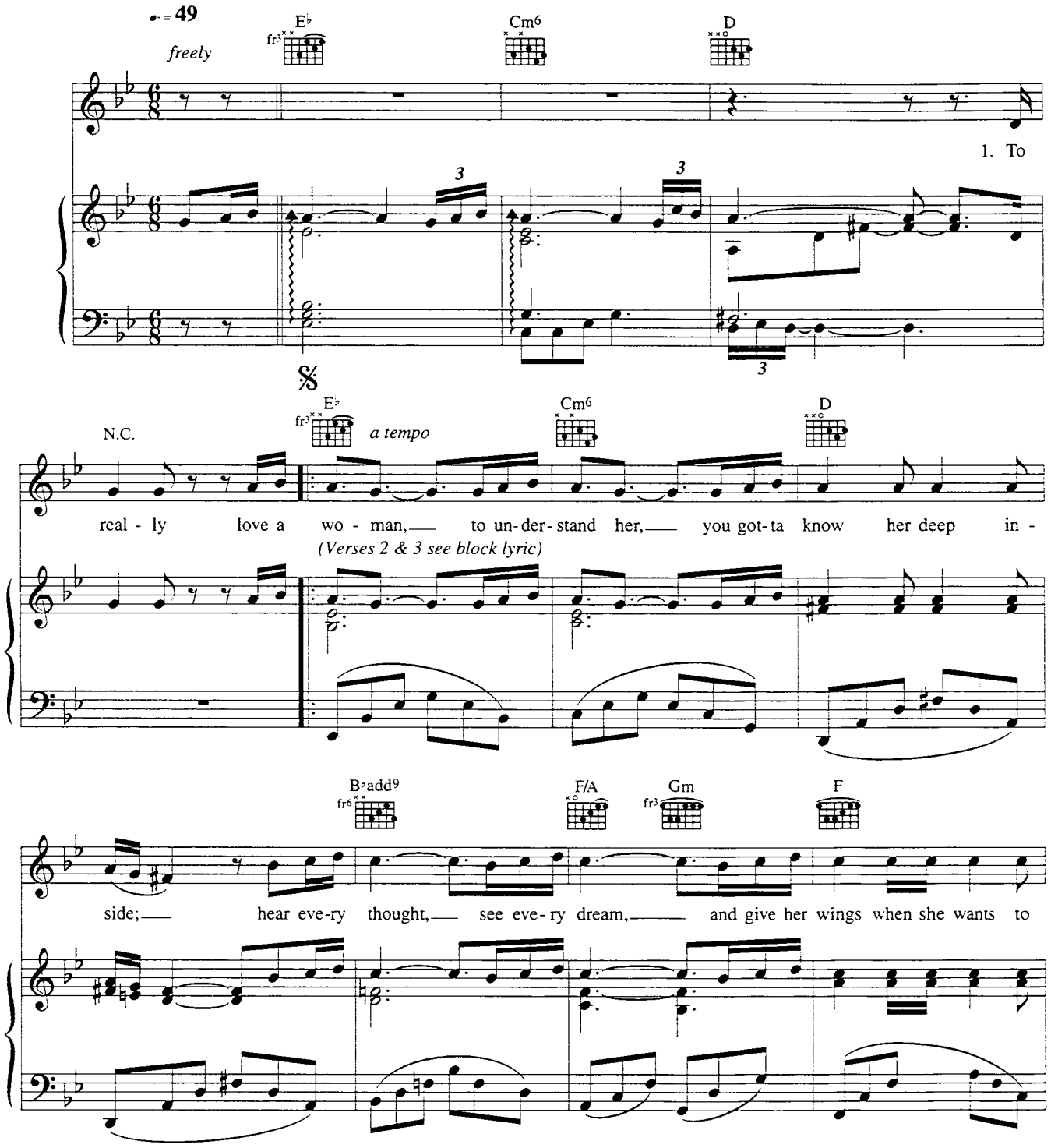

Bm
F♯m/A
still ain't— noth - ing that I'd rath - er do.— Yeah, there's some - thin' I can't- de - ny,—
Em7
Bm
F♯m/A
Em7
D.%. al Coda
— you sure— know how to move this guy.— Yeah babe, in
Coda
Em
G
/A
D
Dsus4
D
Em11
Gmaj9
D
Still feels good,- still runs deep;— when you get close,- babe, I


A
Em7add11
Gmaj9
still get weak,– 'cos in these arms— is where you be - long.—
Bm
F♯m/A
Em7
Bm
F♯m/A
We're still go - in' strong;— so glad— that you came a - long—
Em7
Bm
F♯m/A
Em7
— hey babe,— you're still— num - ber one.—
D/A
A
D/A
A7
D
can't you see— you're still beau - ti - ful to me. Yeah, you'll


D/A
A
D/A
A7
D
al - ways be so beau - ti - ful to me.
3
C
G
D/A
A
In ev - 'ry way,
Ped.
D
you're still beau - ti - ful to me.
Repeat 6 times to fade
Em
G
D
Dsus4
D
(Ad lib. vocal)

Have You Ever Really Loved A Woman?

Words & Music by Bryan Adams, Robert John "Mutt" Lange & Michael Kamen



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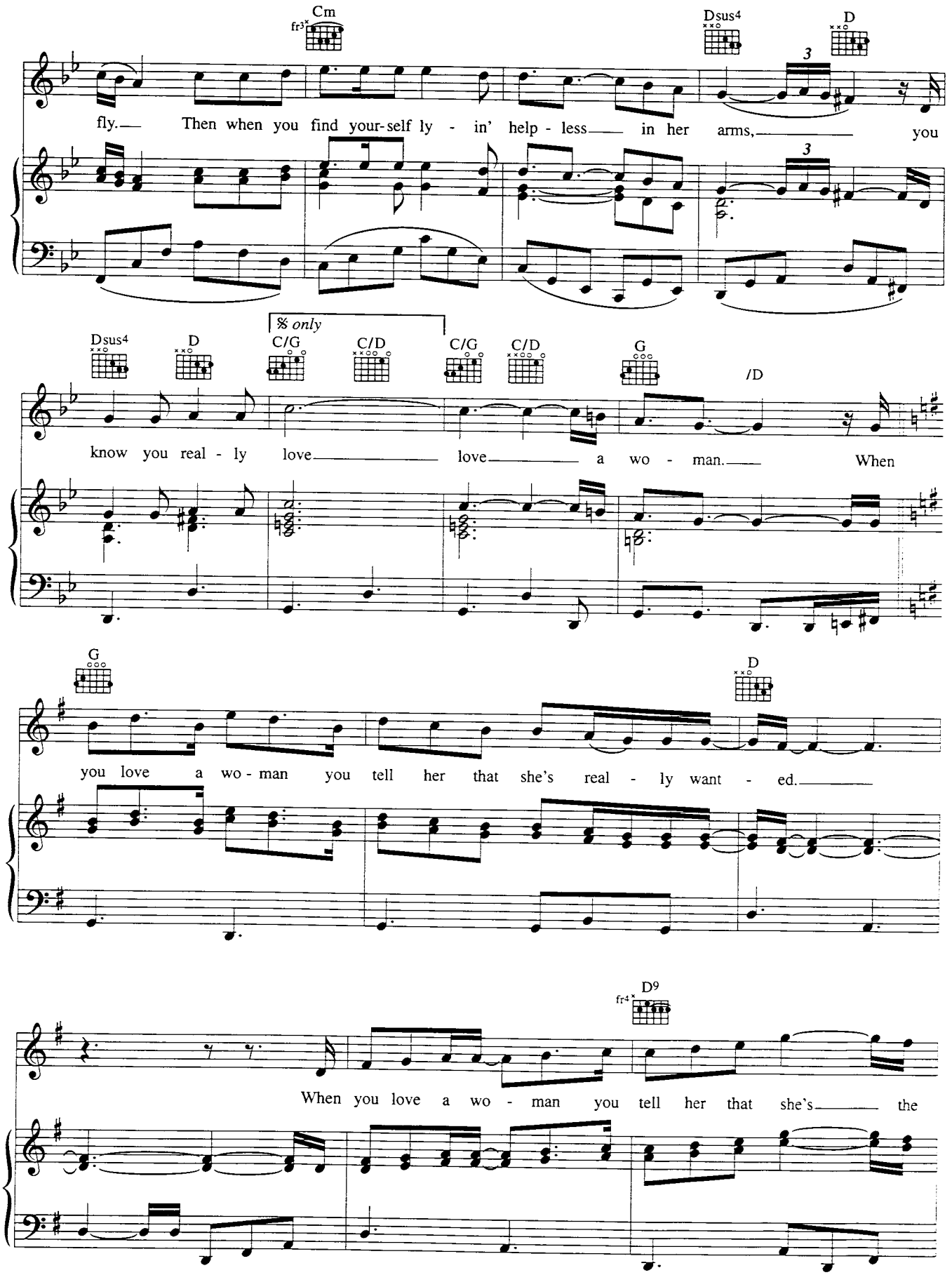
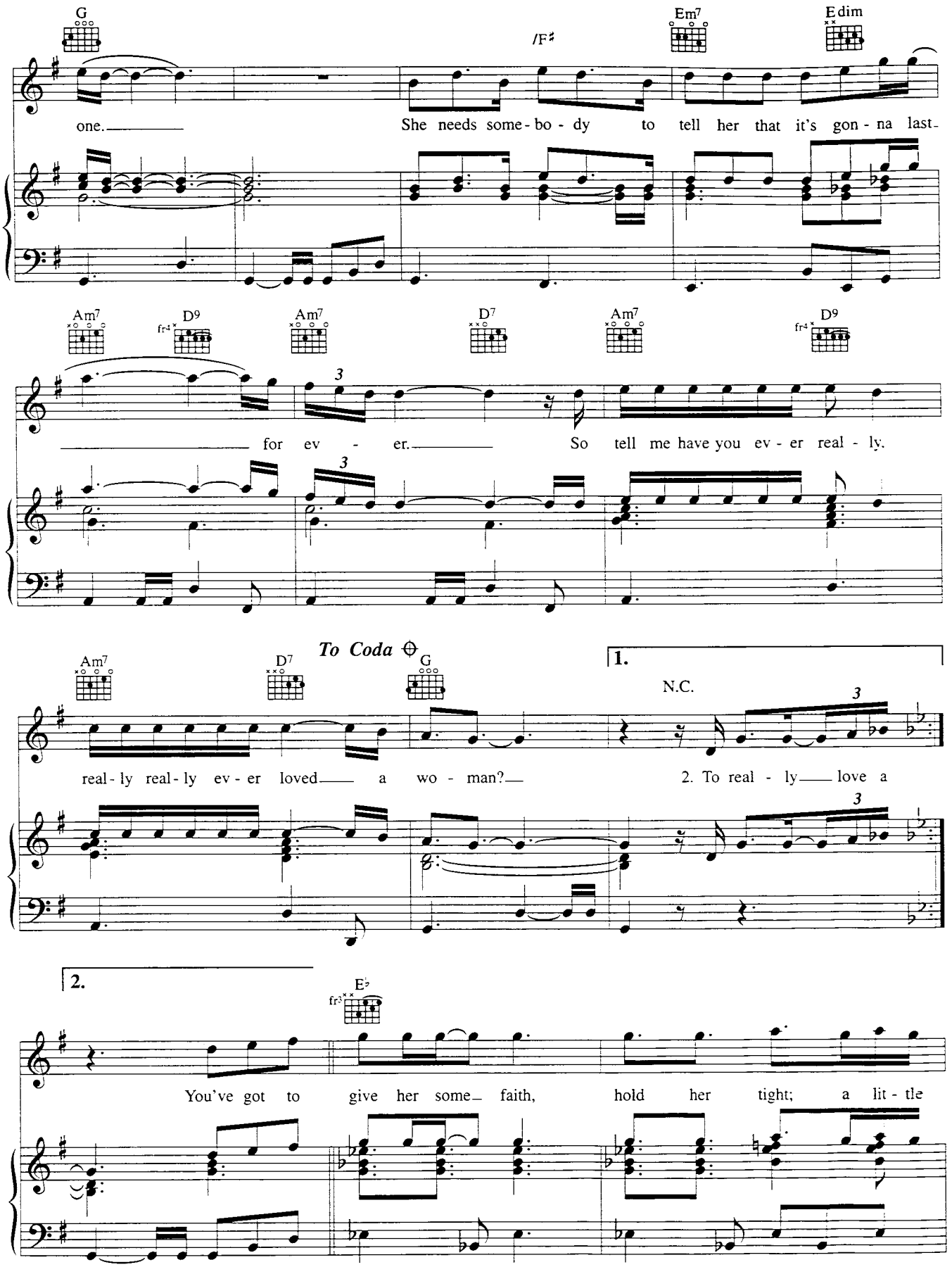
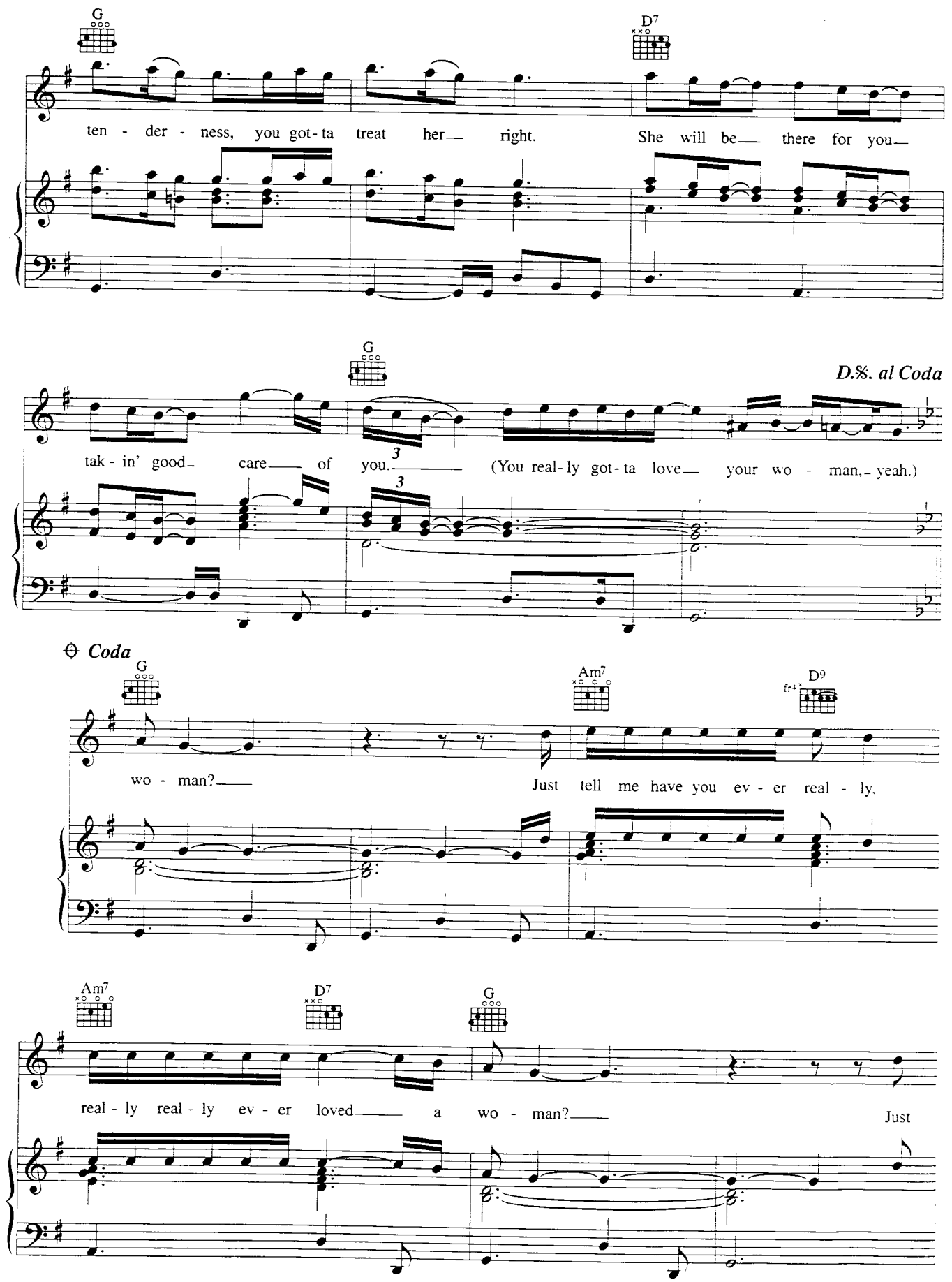
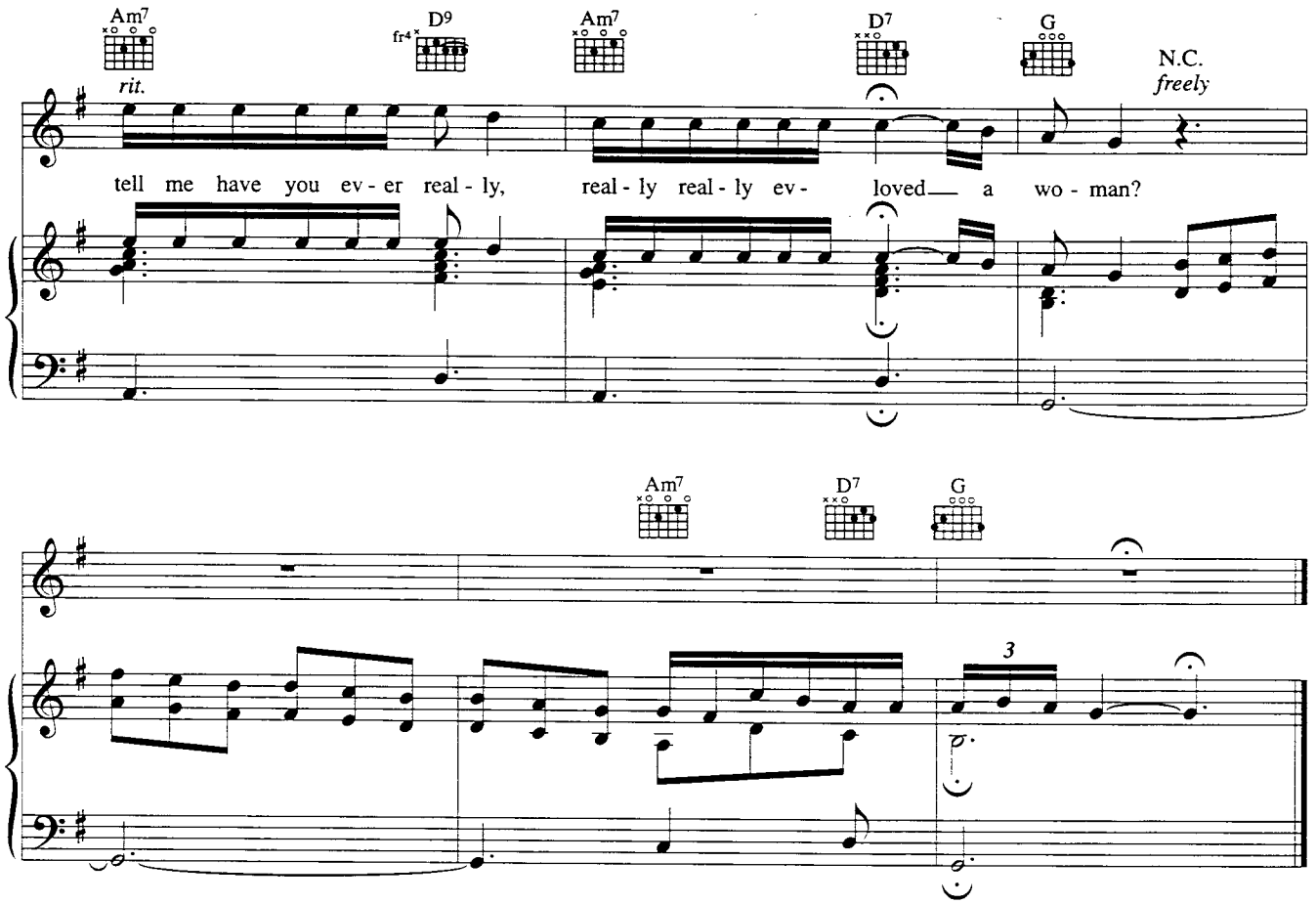

Cm
Dsus4
D
fly. Then when you find your-self ly - in' help - less in her arms, you
Dsus4
D
𝄋 only
C/G
C/D
C/G
C/D
G
/D
know you real - ly love love a wo - man. When
G
D
you love a wo - man you tell her that she's real - ly want - ed.
D9
When you love a wo - man you tell her that she's the


G
/F♯
Em7
E dim
one.
She needs some-bo-dy to tell her that it's gon-na last-
Am7
D9
Am7
D7
Am7
D9
for ev-er.
So tell me have you ev-er real-ly.
To Coda
Am7
D7
G
1.
N.C.
real-ly real-ly ev-er loved a wo-man?
2. To real-ly love a
2.
E♭
You've got to give her some faith, hold her tight; a lit-tle


G
D7
ten - der - ness, you got - ta treat her right. She will be there for you
G
D.%. al Coda
tak - in' good care of you. (You real - ly got - ta love your wo - man, yeah.)
Coda
G
Am7
D9
wo - man? Just tell me have you ev - er real - ly,
Am7
D7
G
real - ly real - ly ev - er loved a wo - man?
Just



Verse 2:
To really love a woman, let her hold you
Till you know how she needs to be touched.
You've gotta breathe her, really taste her,
Till you can feel her in your blood.
And when you can see your unborn children in her eyes,
You know you really love a woman.

When you love a woman
You tell her that she's really wanted.
When you love a woman
You tell her that she's the one.
She needs somebody to tell her
That you'll always be together
So tell me have you ever really,
Really really loved a woman.

Verse 3:
Instrumental

Then when you find yourself
Lyin' helpless in her arms,
You know you really love a woman.

When you love a woman *etc.*

498 (30695)